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THE SPHERE, MARCH 3, 1951
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Vol. CCIV, No. 2664
MARCH 3, 1951

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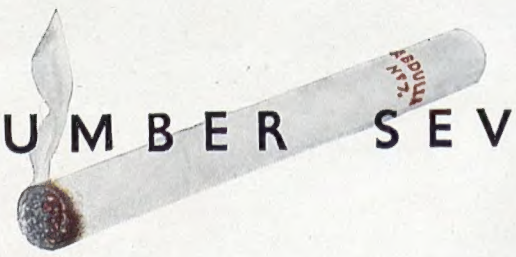

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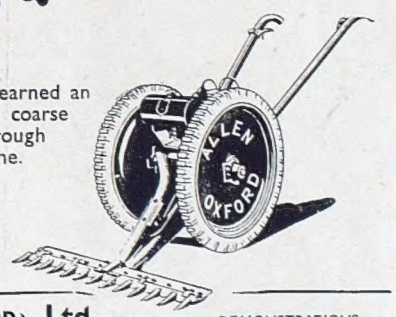

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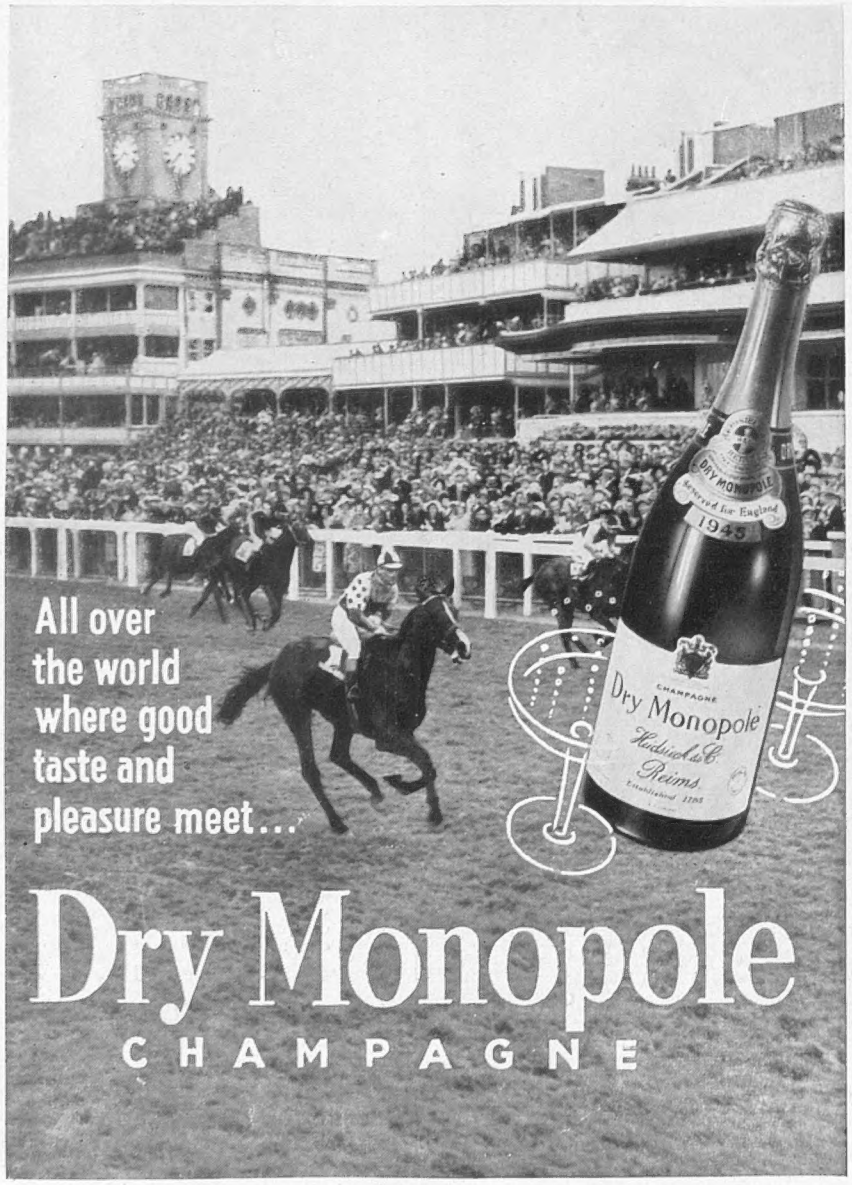

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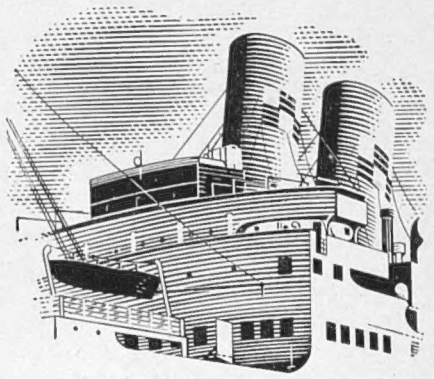

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Volume CCIV No. 2664 The SPHERE, London, March 3, 1951

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

KOREA, NOT A TANK WAR—MEN OF THE 8TH ENGINEER BATTALION, 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION, UNITED STATES ARMY, USING TIMBER TO SHORE UP A WRECKED BRIDGE TO PERMIT THE RECOVERY OF A BATTERED M 4 TANK: Tanks have often proved more of a liability than an asset in the Korean struggle owing to the nature of the terrain. Last week-end a big tank battle was reported to be in progress near Seoul, but it was quite indecisive.

This week it was actually reported that orders had been given to reload Centurion tanks at Pusan. That order was apparently countermanded later, as it was the result of a misunderstanding. It was certainly no reflection on the excellence of Britain's Centurion tank, but it was a reflection on the nature of the war now being fought in Korea. It is very definitely not a tank war. The steeply sloping hills of South and North Korea, the main highways running between these hills and the swampy paddy-fields beside the highways make this no terrain for the tank. The armoured divisions of Lieut.-General Matthew Ridgway are not able to run wild in the open countryside after breaking through in the manner that Patton did in Normandy and Rundstedt did in the Ardennes. They are confined more often than not to the highways, a comparatively easy target for well-placed anti-tank guns and an inevitable target for rocket-firing aircraft. Last week-end a tank battle was reported to be in progress in the neighbourhood of Seoul, but it was of short duration and, after an artillery duel, both sides turned away without making close contact.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

How Shall I Word It?—

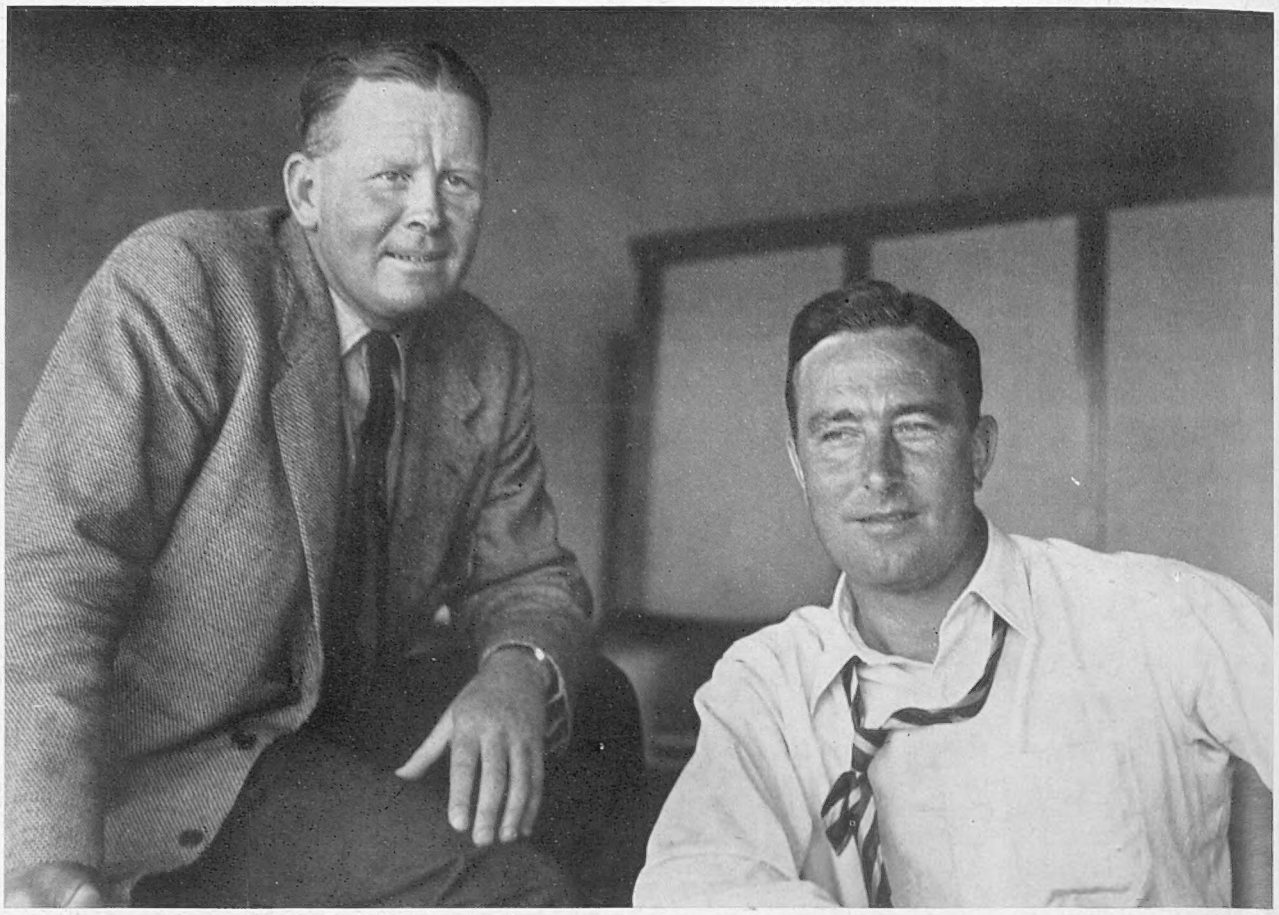
My guess is as good as yours or any man's. I believe that Stalin fears war and knows that his peoples dread it. He plays with fire and has played successfully on Western fears and weakness and disunity for years. But during Hitler's successes in Russia, Stalin knew the prime secret of successful diplomacy and used it to his swift advantage. He did not even then *like* us or the U.S.; he was not prone to flattery or addicted to geniality, but he used those weapons in his need, and they brought him instanter all that we at that time could supply, short of a hasty second front. For five years he has forgotten that secret. If he could once more persuade himself to excise the vitriol, the bitter taunt, and to substitute the genial word, the polished phrase, the effect on civilisation would be electric. If in his next Note to the Western Powers he wrote: "Let us meet by all means and see what we can do to repair the bitter rifts of the past five years, and for the sake of humanity let bygones be bygones," what effect would that phrase have on the wailing world and the Western statesmen? I believe it would be miraculous. I believe it would set the world's statesmen half-way on the road to peace. More, I believe Stalin's claim to greatness would be acknowledged widely. As simple as that; a string of a dozen words properly chosen and wisely fitted in? The peoples that sit in darkness are the little men. Stalin and the leaders of many of the great Powers are the big men, the historic figures. You and I, the little men, often employ the secret of successful diplomacy in our relations with our neighbours, and take pride, not shame, from its use. Is it not extraordinary that while the vast bulk of men would and do sacrifice much to save civilisation and human life and treasure, these big men can only think of saving their own faces?

Korea Ups and Downs.—

I have come to dread the confident reports and even boasts of the military experts of U.N. in Korea. So often in the past they have been spoken on the eve of a successful Communist counter-offensive which splits and drives back our battle front. To-day, U.N. pundits are once more cock-a-hoop. American and English generals alike have expressed enormous confidence as a result of the great Chipyong-Wonju battle and have even called it one of the world's decisive battles. And who am I, who are you, to question that verdict? All the same, though the pundits assure the U.N. that its armies can stay in Korea, if they will, till the cows come home, you and I have no desire that they should stay indefinitely, and a general has admitted, without really committing himself, that "you can't beat an enemy without going into his territory." Thus, the 38th Parallel query comes up again, for ever "settled" and unsettled, and alas! the enemy's territory is not bounded even by Korean frontiers. For the Chinese keep vast reserves of troops and planes safe and untouchable behind the Yalu River. The U.N. generals may be confident for the day, but they remain very Delphic concerning the future. The troops deserve the glory given them for their superb fighting qualities, but all the boasts and confidence tell the public very little beyond the immediate foreground.

Was There Ever?—

One day, I make no doubt, in April or even March, we shall walk out before breakfast on to our lawns or streets and sniff the air, enjoy the sun and the singing of birds, and cry out—"At last, the winter is over and the pleasant months are coming." And then, when we say it (boldly and perhaps foolishly), we shall look back over the past winter and ask: *Was there ever?* We have had longer cold spells, winters as wet or nearly, anxieties and crises in politics and economics comparable to those of 1950-51. But even in the worst of the war years, the worst of the blitz, the effects were not so heavy on the spirit as those of this last winter. Was there ever so much continuous and nagging crisis, quarrelling, hate and misunderstanding, threat and warning, bitter word and bitter answer, failure and disappointment, new calls to sacrifice (for no nationally accepted cause), order and counter-order, promise and disillusion, a darkening, damping, continual blanket-panorama across the sky mingling with and intensifying the non-stop gales and cloud and rain and snow and hail of Nature's providing. For my part, I accept the statisticians' assurance that it was the wettest winter for seventy years, and confidently add my own that it was the gloomiest for half a century, perhaps since 1899-1900. Even the Festival was planned more on the lines of a State funeral. I am quite sure there never were six months so continuously grey and grim, physically, mentally, politically and economically, as those last past, and with rifts and light relief so totally lacking. Every agent which supplies our news and current commentary seems to have combined to present the darkest picture possible, to conceal every high light, and to increase the doubts and disillusions of humanity, long since prone to these weaknesses of spirit.



BEFORE THE FINAL TEST AT MELBOURNE—ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN AND VICE-CAPTAIN CONTEMPLATE THE PROSPECTS: F. R. Brown and Denis Compton seen together before the opening of the fifth and last Test of the Australian tour at Melbourne Oval. Brown, who had recovered from his motoring accident, was able to lead the English team, and T. E. Bailey, who had been kept out of the fourth Test Match through a fractured thumb, was also included in the side. Australia again won the toss, the fourth time in five tests, but not even the most ardent English supporter could claim that the toss had decided the series. Brown's seam bowling, once again, was a feature of this fifth Test.

Landslides and Water-shoots.—

There have been landslides at many places besides Bristol (West), where Sir W. Monckton polled 81 per cent. of the votes cast, as against 59 per cent. by Mr. Stanley last year, and the Socialist vote dropped from 30 per cent. to 19 per cent. Landslides are the order of the day here and, if here, then with knobs on all over clay belts and the chalk country. It never pours but it rains—continuously, relentlessly. We have had one or two fine days with sun within memory. Otherwise it has been mist, cloud, rain, wind. And the ground is like soaked bread, banks disintegrate, ruts become rivulets. Always rain. We have enjoyed 11½ ins. of it since January 1st, in a matter of seven weeks, and the glass has remained high and steady all the time since it rebounded after that record fall at the beginning of February. Fields are under water which never knew floods, entrances to fields are impassable morasses. The ground is drowned and water can no longer run away. It is time for the clergy to try the effect of a form of prayer, and for the Ministers of State, who are forever warning some section of the public, solemnly to warn Jupiter (P.) that, unless he relents, his opposite number, Jupter (S.), will have nothing much to shine on, to swell and to ripen, when summer comes. God knows what farm hands have been doing these last dreary weeks while urgent seasonal tasks have been impossible in the fields. The rain which prevents the growing of food is no check on the ever-increasing number of mouths to fill.

London Traffic.—

The time has gone by when a Minister could promise that the filching of an acre of public park in London by the sovereign would "cost three crowns." To-day, as the problem of London's traffic—which was a "scandal" more than a century ago—grows more and more acute, not only the public but the sovereign must yield up their amenity acreages, so jealously and so long guarded, to make the traffic move faster than funeral pace. The Hyde Park Corner plan envisages the rape of ground both in Hyde Park and Buckingham Palace garden. Hyde Park Corner is not London's worst jam, though one of the worst for generations past. St. Giles's Circus is a blacker spot and so, perhaps, are Oxford and Piccadilly Circuses. The Hyde Park Corner plan is designed to increase speed in Park Lane, *inter alia bona*. Park Lane would become a totally one-way route from north to south. The new route north would have its entry way in the block which joins Apsley House with the old Bachelors' Club on a convenient bombed site whereabouts our present King's old Piccadilly house stood. This entry would lead to a roundabout in the area of Hamilton Gardens (where my Edwardian girl-friends used to play cricket in privileged privacy under the eye of Byron), and thence the northbound traffic to Edgware Road would have a one-way run through Hyde Park along the existing roadway. All this is revolutionary planning, but probably necessary. I am no adept at charts and plans, and I don't know what all the triangles, switches and inner circles in the Hyde Park Corner plan imply, but no doubt every one will have its use. The process, begun when Temple Bar was removed from the Strand, continues still. One by one, the ceremonial traffic arches lose their functions and become mere monuments.

Gardens of England.—

The National Gardens Scheme in 1950 practically equalled its 1938 record, making over £15,000 for the benefit of retired district nurses and the National Trust. It was not a very favourable summer, and the results are encouraging for Festival year, during which (surely to goodness) we may hope for better weather. And now all the county organisers are hard at it, getting their opening days fixed and their lists printed. It is an arduous job whipping in the laggards and the doubters who fear that their gardens are not worth showing. It is true that English gardens nowadays are not on the model of the Edwardian gardens, which employed anything from three to fifteen whole-timers. But the fact remains that the public is still avid to see and satisfied with the smallest garden which reveals the taste and labour of an enthusiast, and will in exchange for a cup of tea open its heart and its purse to garden hostesses. There is great competition among the counties for the highest total. Kent won last year with £1,500, combined Sussex produced £1,400 and Surrey £1,000. The Royal residences produced rather less than the average, which is always a valuable contribution. The habit of a descent *en masse* in a coach on the more famous private gardens (such as Leonardslee) grows. Sometimes such parties may embarrass a smaller garden where tea is offered, but the risk is worth taking, for the offer of tea is a draw and is enormously appreciated, is a tongue-loosener and a maker of sympathy. To those who still doubt or dither, I would say *Open and be damned*—and, be sure, you won't be damned. It is a grand scheme.

Cyril Maude.—

When a great film star dies, will old-stager film fans remember him or her in favourite roles and brilliant interpretations with a vivid memory of gesture and trick and phrase which is the bitter-sweet of nostalgia? I doubt it. Great acting, the art that lives on, owes too much to flesh-and-blood, personality, close contact with the breathing player. The footlights and the orchestra may perhaps dilute by a little its directest influence. There is no question how severe is the dilution when camera and projector and other barriers are interposed. Cyril Maude—one of the public-school school of actors of polite drawing-room comedies—fitted his roles like a glove and was by no means a one-part player nor the same man (himself) in every role. By hard work he became a very competent and polished character actor, dear to the Edwardian and later fans, almost a matinée idol, and provided very rich comedy in *Cousin Kate* (with Ellis Jeffreys in the name-part) and in *Grumpy*, to make selection from my memories of him. I wonder if two players ever spoke their lines with such clarity, beauty, grace and *gentility* as those two in *Cousin Kate*. The film stars at any rate can't compete with the legitimate stage in that line, that vastly important line, *diction*.

THE OLD STAGER

THE ROYAL OWNER PAYS A VISIT TO THE PADDOCK AT LINGFIELD BEFORE THE START OF THE JERRY M STAKES : Her Majesty is seen in conversation with Tony Grantham, who rode the Queen's steeplechaser Manicou in the big race, coming in third with the heavy burden of 12 st. 8 lb. As Manicou was so heavily handicapped and the going was heavy, it was not thought that his Gold Cup prospects were in any way affected. Also in the paddock were Princess Margaret and Princess Elizabeth (extreme right).

THE QUEEN GOES RACING

Her Majesty Accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret on a Visit to Lingfield Park

ROYALTY IN THE PADDOCK ON AN AFTERNOON OF SUNSHINE AT LINGFIELD PARK : *Left*—The Queen arriving to see her 'chaser saddled for the main event, the Jerry M Stakes. *Centre*—Princess Elizabeth in a leopard-skin coat. *Right*—Princess Margaret in the paddock. The Royal party saw Manicou run prominently throughout, but it was to much to expect, perhaps, that he could give 3 lb. and a beating to the brilliant Irish 'chaser Bluff King in such yielding going.

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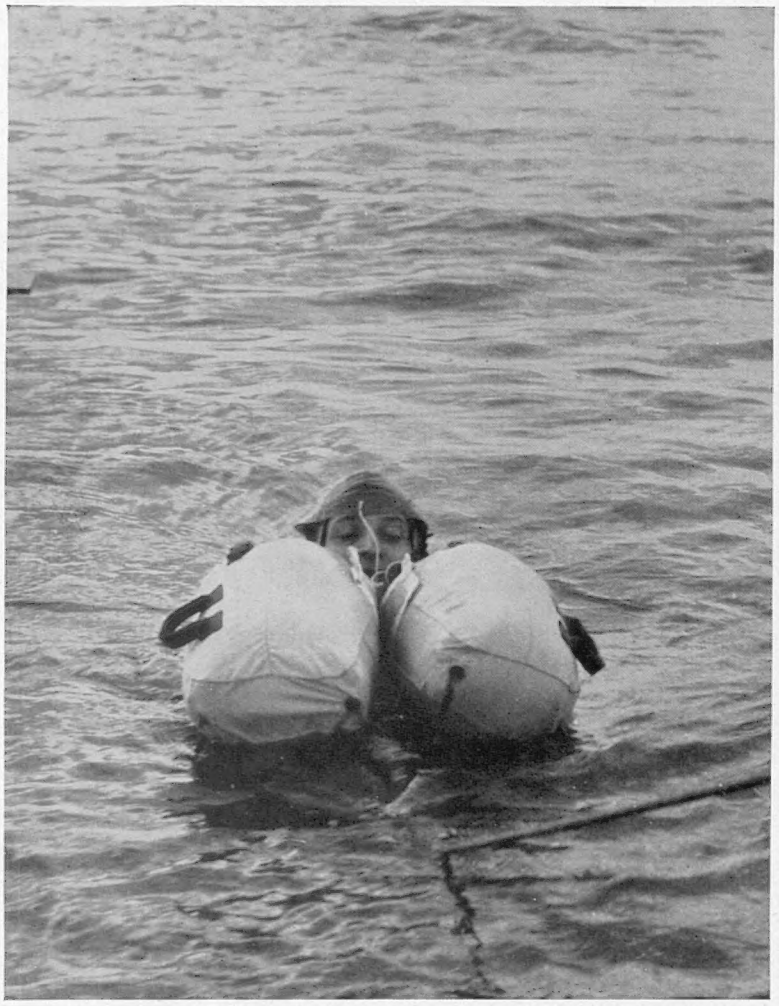
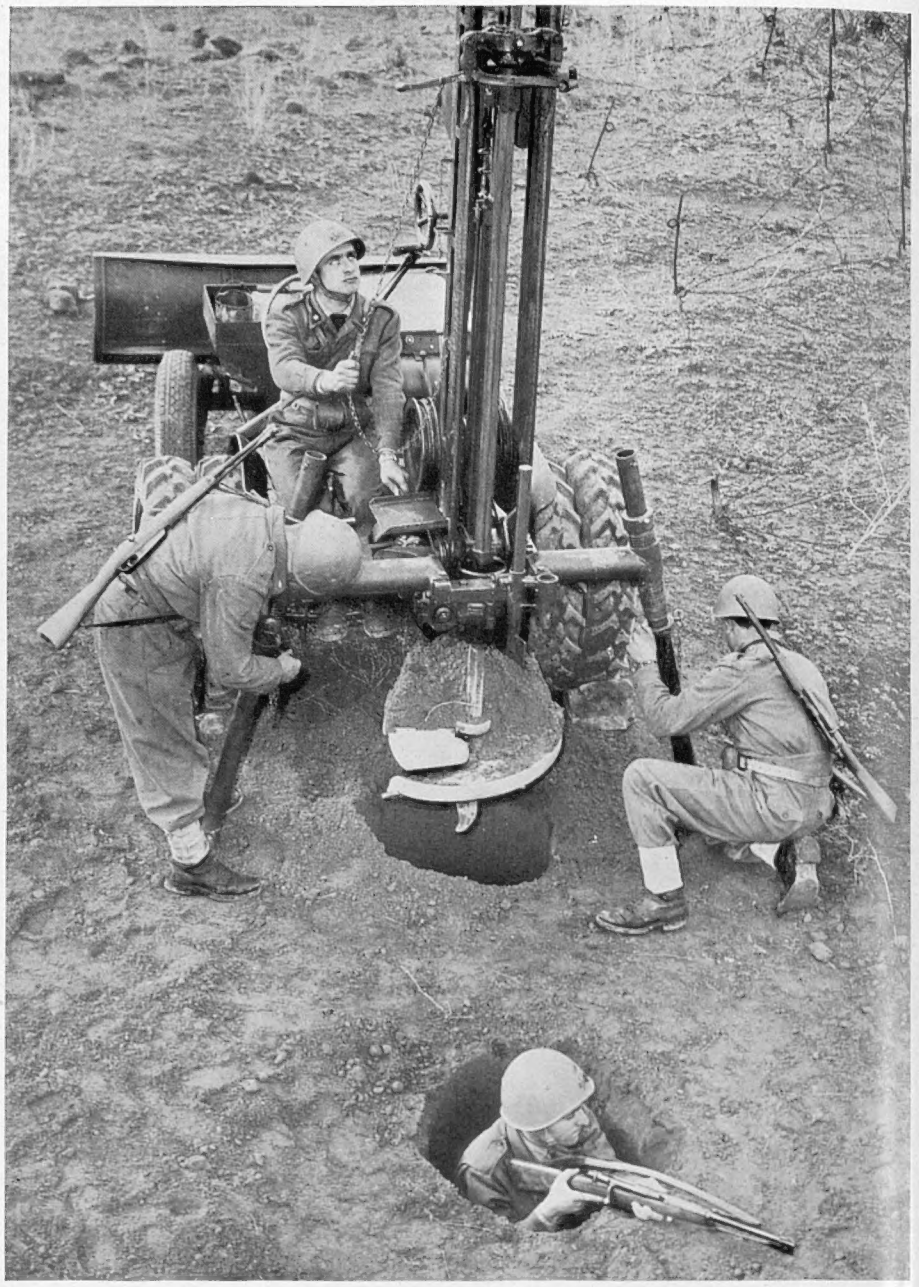


A NEW SAFETY DEVICE FOR AIR-SEA RESCUE—TESTING THE BRITISH COMPOSITE PARACHUTE LIFE-JACKET IN THE CANAL ZONE OF EGYPT: Squadron-Leader J. R. W. Blyth, A.F.C., of the Army Airborne Transport Training and Development Centre at Abingdon, floating in the sea after his 1029th parachute jump when testing the new life-saving device for crashed airmen. The pole immediately in front of his life-jacket comes from the launch which stood by to effect his rescue from the sea. The parachutist, in company with others, made his jump from a Dakota aircraft, entered the water with hardly a splash, heeled over leisurely and then began bobbing on the surface with the aid of his inflated life-jacket. Each man carried 20 lb. of sand to represent the weight of pack and rifle. Owing to the prevailing wintry weather conditions in England it was decided to hold the test in the warmer climate of Suez.



PREFABS FOR THE INFANTRY—A "FOXHOLE" ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE DUG TO MEASURE WITHIN TWO MINUTES: Designed to eliminate "foxhole" digging for weary infantrymen, this machine invented by Italian Army Engineers is to become part of the standard equipment for the Italian Army. Claimed to dig an 8-ft. "foxhole" in less than two minutes, the machine is self-operated and manned by a crew of one—that is, until the time comes for actual digging operations. Other men are then called in to assist in the digging, while one man stands guard in a newly-dug hole.

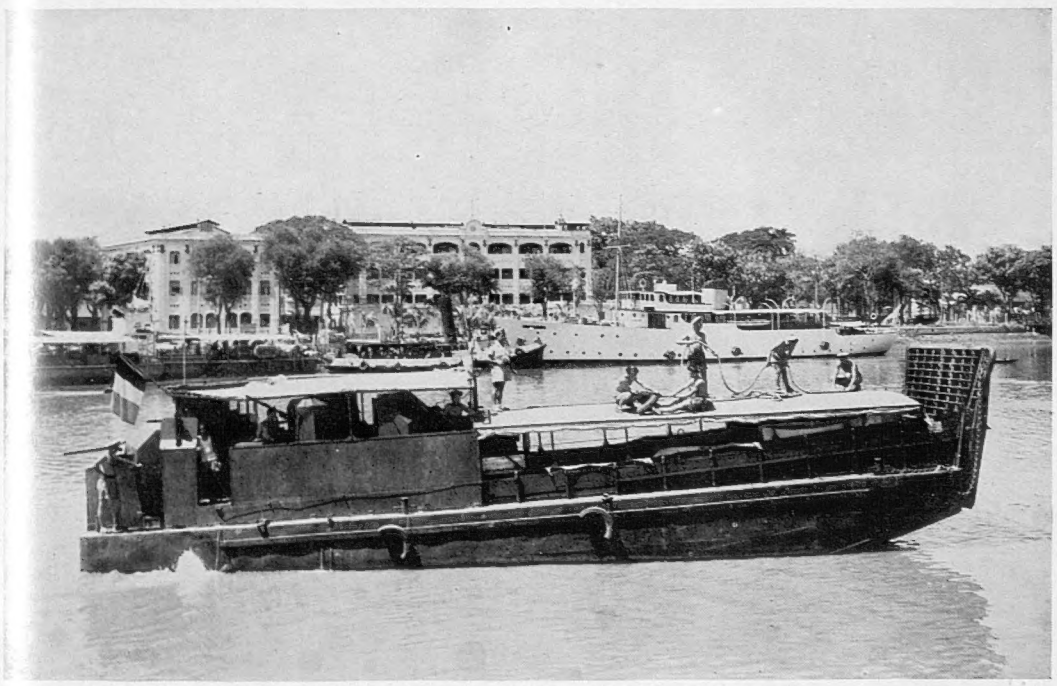
DRIVING ON THE RIVER-BED—THE NEW AMPHIBIOUS TRUCK OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY: U.S. Army test driver Scott swimming around the "Eager Beaver" during recent underwater tests of amphibious vehicles under Run River, at Rainbow Springs, Florida. This 2½-ton truck of the Army Ordnance Corps has two tubes leading up to the surface of the water, one for the intake of air, and the other for the discharge of the exhaust. As the amphibious truck submerges, the driver dons a specially prepared helmet fitted with a breathing apparatus. On land the truck can carry a 5-ton load at a speed of 60 miles an hour. During the Rainbow Springs exercises some of the vehicles remained below the surface of the river for four hours.

NAMED AFTER THE LATE GENERAL WALTON WALKER—PRESIDENT TRUMAN INSPECTS THE NEW T-41 LIGHT BULLDOG TANK AT THE ABERDEEN PROVING GROUND IN MARYLAND: The tank was among several of the latest weapons seen by the President during his inspection tour of the Ordnance Proving Ground at the great weapons-testing laboratory in Maryland. In a statement to the Press Mr. Truman said that America's efforts were directed toward peace rather than the destruction of "any nation or Government." At the naming ceremony of the new tank General J. Lawton Collins, Army Chief of Staff, said: "We have selected the name of General Walker for this tank because of the characteristics he demonstrated in Korea, where he was known as the 'Little Bulldog.'" The tank, designed primarily for reconnaissance, is reported to have twice the horse-power of its wartime predecessor, a speed of more than 40 miles an hour, and a high-velocity 76-mm. gun. Until the time of Mr. Truman's tour this tank had been on the confidential list.

A CONVOY STEAMS UP THE SAIGON RIVER TOWARDS THE IMPORTANT DAU TIENG MICHELIN RUBBER PLANTATION : **This convoy, headed by an armed landing-craft, is laden with food and equipment for the plantation, and it will return to Saigon with vital supplies of rubber.** As Vietminh guerillas are often in ambush by the banks of the Saigon, where they are adept in the use of mortars, the landing-craft is equipped for all-round machine-gun fire, having three German 20-mm. guns, two French Hotchkiss machine-guns, two British Piat guns (for anti-tank fighting), two Canadian Bren guns, two Sten guns, three Canadian rifles and plenty of grenades. The Michelin plantations lie 50 miles to the North of Saigon. They have for long been a target of the guerillas.

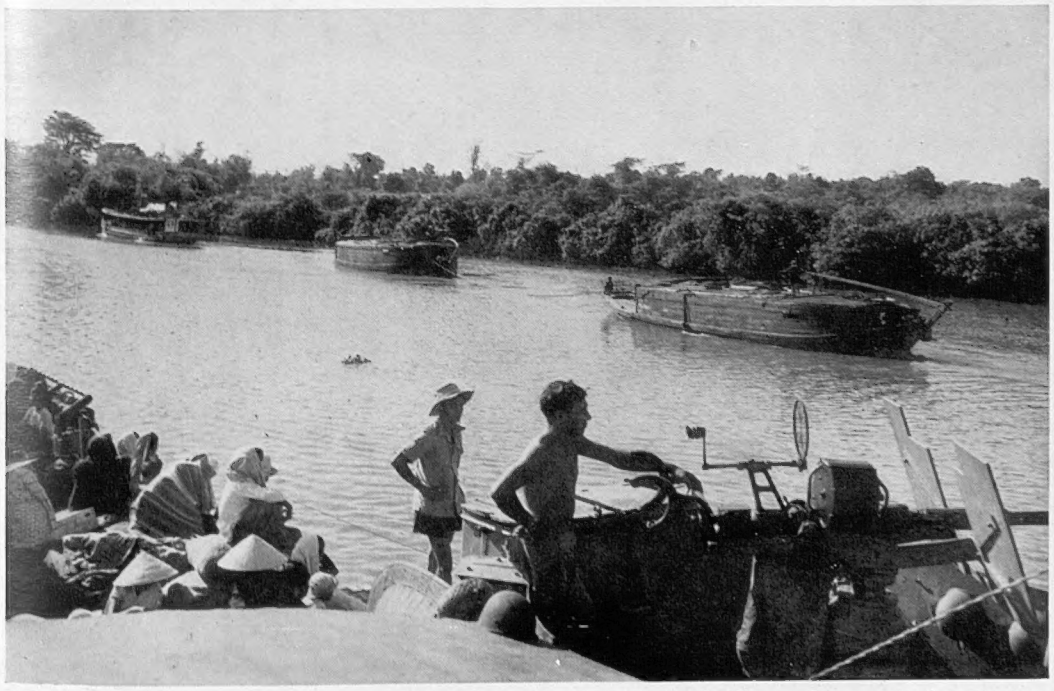
FRANCE CONVOYS THE RUBBER OUTPUT OF INDO-CHINA

Protecting the Line of Supply on the Saigon River; The Military Situation takes a turn for the Better



THE ARMED LANDING-CRAFT WHICH ACCOMPANIES CONVOYS UP THE SAIGON RIVER : **The vessel seen passing the naval headquarters at Saigon. Three of the landing-craft's machine-gun turrets can be clearly seen, two at the side of the cockpit and one at the stern. The landing-craft has a crew of ten.**

PATROLLING IN THE MICHELIN PLANTATION AREA FIFTY MILES NORTH OF SAIGON : A French-manned British-made Humber Scout car crossing a half-wrecked bridge on its daily round of the plantation perimeter. Keeping track of guerillas in this terrain is no easy matter. Lately, however, the military situation has improved.



THE CONVOY GOES UP-RIVER : *Left*—Looking from the deck of the landing-craft as a towing steamer and its barges make their way along the Saigon towards the Michelin plantation. *Right*—The families of Indo-Chinese troops engaged in the defence of the plantation seen aboard the landing-craft. They were being moved from one fort to another. Stacked round them are boxes containing the "N" ration, which is sent out from France for special use in the Indo-Chinese emergency.

Diplomats and Their Wives at A BUCKINGHAM PALACE PARTY

The King and Queen Entertain the Ambassadors and Ministers in London

THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S, MR. WALTER S. GIFFORD, AND MRS. GIFFORD LEAVING THEIR LONDON HOME EN ROUTE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE THEY WERE AMONG THE 1,000 GUESTS ENTERTAINED BY THE KING AND QUEEN IN THEIR RECEPTION TO THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS: Most of the Ambassadors, Ministers and Envoys in London were present at this party held in the State apartments. Their Majesties were accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten. After the guests had been received in the picture gallery, the company moved to the white-and-gold State ballroom. A string band of the Grenadier Guards played during the evening. The guests included the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Attlee and members of the Cabinet, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, Mr. Eden and Lord Salisbury.

THE AMBASSADOR FROM SIAM: His Excellency Phra Bahiddha Nukara seen with his wife and daughter before they left the Siam Embassy in London for the party given by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace.

WAITING IN THE LINE OF CARS IN THE MALL WHEN EN ROUTE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Madame Hjorzberg, wife of the Assistant Naval Attaché at the Swedish Embassy in London, Lieut.-Commander Hjorzberg. Well before the Palace party began the Mall was thronged with guests, and most of the diplomats had a considerable wait before entering the Palace gates.

SEÑORA TERESA RIVERA SCHREIBER, WIFE OF THE PERUVIAN AMBASSADOR, SEÑOR RICARDO RIVERA SCHREIBER, K.B.E.: For the Palace party Señora Schreiber wore a gown of tulle embroidered with rubies in leaf pattern and with a halter neckline. The gown was made in Rome.

THE AUST LIAN RESIDENT MINISTER IN LONDON WITH MRS. HARRISON AND THEI DAUGHTER, HELEN : Mr. Harrison, who hails from New South Wale is not only Australia's envoy in London, but he also holds the post f Minister of the Interior in Mr. Menzies' Liberal Cabinet. He s formerly Minister of Defence in the Federal Government.

THE DANISH AMBASSADOR, COUNT REVENTLOW, WITH COUNTESS REVENTLOW AND HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. BRUN : Count Reventlow is one of the senior members of the Diplomatic Corps. He was Minister at the Court of St. James's from 1938 to 1947, and has held the rank of Ambassador since 1947.

MADAME EDMOND HOMSEY, WIFE OF THE SYRIAN MINISTER IN LONDON : Edmond Bey Homsey, C.B.E., has been the Envoy-Extraordinary and the Minister Plenipotentiary in London since July 12, 1949.

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, M. RENÉ MASSIGLI, WEARING THE INSIGNIA OF K.B.E., WITH MADAME MASSIGLI : Madame Massigli wore a strapless grey brocade dress, the work of Dior. The dress, with an elaborate gold and silver motif, struck a new evening fashion note with a divided skirt.

LUTETIA CELEBRATES HER 2,000TH BIRTHDAY

An Afterthought in Britain's Year of Festival

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT was really rather naughty of Paris to discover it was 2,000 years old in the self-same year that London had earmarked to hold festival. For it was definitely an afterthought. Not a soul by the Seine had given a thought to Lutetia's age until Morrison's joybells cast their tinkle before.

If proof were needed of this assertion it is to be found in the learned controversy that endures as to exactly how old Paris is. It appears to be a question of when you choose to start her off—as Lutetia, or, as she was later to become, Parisii.

To quote one Academician: "If it was intended to celebrate the arrival of Julius Cæsar, our celebration will be some years late; and in any case we would have been marking the arrival of an invading army."

But what does a little thing like that matter if a bimillenary makes the commerce march? The crowd has a short memory for such things, if any at all.

Even with that most trade-hungry of mortals, the Parisian *très commercant*, the notion, the benefit, of giving Lutetia (or Parisii) a bimillenary birthday took hold only gradually. Not many weeks after the idea had been launched, Jules ("Men of Good-Will") Romains resigned from the presidency of the organising committee owing to lack of funds.

While recognising that the nation had more urgent charges on the budget than the financing of the capital's 2,000th anniversary, M. Romains decided: "A miserable, parsimonious bimillenary would do us more harm than good."

"Paris of the role immense and singular, then let us celebrate Paris with our naked hands!" cried Romains' deputy, Mme. Alexandre Debray, with a ring that brought back past female fury . . . and stirred the City Municipality and the Chamber of Commerce to put up £90,000 between them.

Ninety thousand pounds to cover six months of festivities commencing on April 1. Not much to set against Morrison's mercurial millions. In effect, no, not much; yet there is really no comparison between what will be essayed by the Thames and by the Seine almost simultaneously—since Paris is getting in a month ahead. While the French assertion that, so far as tourist traffic goes, the two events should act as helpful complements to each other, is open to question, the party planned in honour of Lutetia bears no relationship to the Exhibition in two slices, over Battersea way.

Rather is the central Paris idea a glorification of the city's past, mingled with a now elegant, now lively, enactment of the Paris of to-day. Henri Quatre will make his entry, and so will racing cyclists on a Tour de Paris. It will in no sense be a Festival of France, yet is expected to draw the provinces all the more on that account.

A parallel intention is to spread things out to appropriate localities, now working-class, now fashionable, which will make their own main characteristic the framework of their celebration. Probably the contribution of parts of the Red Belt will be to put the lights out, but other demonstrations should go better. Thus there is going to be a "Painter's Festival" in Montparnasse, while in the Central Markets, where Hugo (or was it Balzac?) heard the ventre de Paris rumble, will come a succession of Rabelaisian repasts, replete with jugglers in medieval costume.

It is not possible to say at this stage what there will be and what there won't be, for the very good reason that marathon discussion is still going on among the most individualistic of citizenry, each with his own idea of what should be done. Indeed, one of the anxieties of those trying to hold the strings is that too much may be left to the last moment, with one eye on the international situation.

Yet this same international situation prompts others to forecast a reckless spirit in favour of bread and circuses, such as would make the celebration a snowball success.

The bimillenary birthday is due to open with twenty processions, one from each of the city's districts, converging on the Hotel de Ville, hard by the historic Ile St. Louis and the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, crowning glory of the capital. From then on to the apotheosis on July 8 should be the big period. The festivities will include pageants, fancy-dress balls, special theatre, opera and ballet galas by State companies, nocturnal concerts in the Louvre Quadrangle, the first ever to be heard there (Berlioz' "Symphonie fantastique" and the "trumpets" of Lulli marking the inaugural), floodlighting of the principal buildings and statues . . . ah, thereby hangs a tale.

Some of the statues should be on view for the first time, since they will be substitutes for those melted down by the Nazis—140 altogether. There was never any intention of replacing many, which were considered better gone, and those that have been, or are being, replaced, differ in two respects from the originals: they are of stone instead of bronze, which was ruled out as too costly, and they are in a much less pompous style.

HIGH-WIRE ACT ON THE SOUTH BANK—AN ENGINEER CRAWLING ALONG A CABLE TO MAKE ADJUSTMENTS TO A CRANE DURING CONSTRUCTION WORK ON THE SITE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION: The exhibition, which has to be open at the beginning of May, was visited last week by Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison ("Lord Festival"). Mr. Morrison said that he believed that despite setbacks due to strikes and bad weather, the exhibition would be open on time.

Which means that they are not replicas but new work, and much has been the disputation around them in artistic circles. "Agreed that the old ones were ridiculously pompous" argue defenders of the ravished statuary. "Yet they were integral parts of their districts."

Rousseau, Corneille, Lamartine and Béranger are among the latest to return in wake of Berlioz, Claude Bernard and Villon. Voltaire and Shakespeare are on order.

What I imagine should be one of the principal attractions in the eyes of foreign visitors is tagged with the bald label "window-dressing competitions." This, in its full flowering, implies a Paris street spreading its peacock feathers, than which few free public spectacles can be more acceptable.

The idea dates from 1936, when the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré took a swipe at the declining Rue de la Paix and put the latter down for the count as No. 1 arbiter of elegance. The way it was done was to focus attention for a month on the "Faubourg's" shop-windows, which displayed an identical theme running through them. The first year it was "The Street of Legends." Another year it was "Round the World in Eighty Days." Since the Liberation the biggest success has been "The Seven Mortal Sins," which partly defeated its own purpose by so encumbering the shops and stores with gaping crowds that people who wanted to buy couldn't get in.

The most beautiful quarters and sites of Paris have been picked out for the fêtes. Two thousand of the city's oldest inhabitants will sit down to a meal at tables lit by 2,000 candles, in the lovely fifteenth-century Place des Vosges. The summer solstice on June 21 will be celebrated by a concert and illuminations on the Place de l'Hotel de Ville. On the Seine there will be a night festival on the theme "boats of yesterday and to-day."

The Palais de Chaillot, the vast and latest architectural addition to the Parisian skyscrape, standing where the Trocadéro used to share dominance of the capital with the Sacré Cœur and Mt. Valérien, has been earmarked for a *fête populaire*. All five academies are to unite in a demonstration at the Sorbonne, which itself dates from the twelfth century, if not earlier. Lutetia will assuredly have earned all the birthday congratulations she collects on the learning side.

Along the boulevard from the University of Paris, and visitors will come upon a giant fair in Saint-Germain-des-Prés, most lampooned quarter of Paris since the latter assumed its latest, post-Liberation guise. Here in suffocating cellar "dives" are to be found the phoney Existentialists disowned by Sartre, and young America hitting it up. A Paris Columnist, Mr. Paul White, dissects the demographic side of Saint-Germain-des-Prés as follows:

Group One: The French people who live there, and who visit the bars and restaurants because these are near their homes.

Group Two: French "businessmen" of a marginal type who flash 5,000-frs. notes about and, with their girl friends, are as good an argument for Communism as Paris can produce.

Group Three: Naïve foreign residents of Paris, and tourists, in search of "colour."

Group Four: Not-so-naïve foreigners, many of them officially studying one or more of the arts, but spending most of their time in cafés.

Group Five: The French equivalent of Group Four, but hard up; the self-selected bohemians who prattle of colour and line, syntax and euphony, and are always about to paint or write a masterpiece. Some are hired by *cave* proprietors, or are at least given free drinks, to stand around and delude innocent visitors that the Paris of "Trilby" and "La Vie de Bohème" wasn't in it with the Paris of the atomic age.

Well, well! "The more it changes . . ." As if a little bird is not twittering in my ear "Montparnasse of thirty years ago over again."

But back to our muttons. In effect, a string of famous Paris restaurants are to prepare "historic" meals as their offering to Lutèce; nor, I'll be bound, will jumping rabbit—*lapin sauté*—figure on their menus.

A series of exhibitions, all relating to the history of Paris, are booked for the big museums, and these alone should draw a multitude of students hungering to assimilate knowledge on their brief travels, as they are compelled to do, or go without.

On the sporting side there will be an international horse show *aux arènes de Lutèce*, and the motor and the cycle races. Each of the two last should be fun. The course for the motor race won't be more than about two miles in length, starting at the Concorde and stretching to the Grand Palais and back, by the Cours la Reine abutting the Seine. The cycle race is to be by night, and no wonder.

On July 8 all the provinces of France will render homage beneath the Eiffel Tower to "the City rich with its 2,000 years."

Paris will be showing a loosely-knit creation, evocative, elegant, cultural, *populaire*. With the Continental Sunday thrown in, and no "Time, Gentlemen, Please."

It *was* naughty of Lutetia to give ear to that tinkle from Londinium.

TAKING OFF FROM ALDERGROVE, NORTHERN IRELAND, ON A RECORD-BREAKING ATLANTIC HOP WHICH RACED THE SUN: Britain's first jet bomber, the English Electric Canberra B 2, setting off on its flight of 2,100 miles of ocean crossing to Gander, Newfoundland, a journey which it accomplished in an elapsed time of 4 hrs. 40 mins. The ground speed against severe head-winds averaged between 445 and 450 m.p.h., and for most of the journey the Canberra flew at 40,000 ft.

The Canberra, which is going into squadron service with the R.A.F. this year and is to be manufactured by no fewer than four companies in Britain, will also be made in Australia, and now, as a result of its tests in America, it is probable that it will also be adopted by the United States Air Force. Just as the de Havilland Comet has captured the imagination of the world in civil aviation, so has the Canberra in military aviation. The Canberra's crossing of the Atlantic last week in the face of severe head-winds was a truly magnificent performance, and it is undoubtedly the fastest Atlantic crossing yet made in either direction. The twin-engined bomber which raced the sun took off from Aldergrove, Northern Ireland, at 12.43 p.m. British time, after the three members of the crew had had lunch. The elapsed time was 4 hours 40 minutes, but Squadron-Leader Callard and his crew reached Gander, Newfoundland, at 1.53 p.m. Newfoundland time, and thus were able to indulge in a late lunch on the American continent. Without head-winds the time for the crossing might easily have been clipped to four hours. In England the Canberra is to be manufactured by Short Brothers, Handley Page, and Avro, as well as the parent company English Electric. To keep pace with the increased airframe output, the Rolls-Royce Avon turbine jet engines are to be made also by Bristols, Napiers, and A. W. Hawkesley Ltd.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CANBERRA

Britain's First Jet Bomber Whistles Across the Atlantic in Four Hours Forty Minutes

FUELLING UP THE CANBERRA FOR ITS ATLANTIC FLIGHT: Owing to the severe head-winds which it was expected to encounter on the Atlantic crossing, the main bomb bay and wing-tip tanks were all filled, a two-hour operation, and the bomber was towed to the end of the runway at Aldergrove so that not a drop of petrol should be wasted.

THE HOLE MADE WHEN THE CANBERRA HIT A SEAGULL DURING THE INITIAL HOP FROM ENGLAND TO NORTHERN IRELAND: Mechanics at Aldergrove, working in a bitterly cold hangar, did a fine repair job in quick time. When the holed wing was inspected it seemed possible that damage had been done to a cable running to a generator, and as a precaution a replacement was flown over from the English Electric airfield near Preston, and installed.

THE MEN WHO TOOK THE CANBERRA TO THE UNITED STATES: Flight-Lieutenant A. J. R. Robson, Squadron-Leader A. E. Callard, the pilot, and Flight-Lieutenant E. A. J. Haskett (navigator): They are wearing special experimental clothing which may become standard equipment for all R.A.F. jet-bomber crews (and other high-altitude flights). The uniform consists of a long blouse and trousers. The crew also wear pressure waistcoats, which are coupled to the oxygen source.

NEWS FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

REFLECTING THE GROWING FOOD SCARCITY IN INDIA : This was Levy Day at Kodangal, Hyderabad State, when small farmers brought in 1,800 bags of grain, which they sold to the Government. By such levies it is hoped to build up a central reserve of food grains, but as a result of a bad monsoon for three consecutive years and widespread calamities—earthquake, floods and drought—India's stocks have fallen dangerously low. India intends this year to devote most of her foreign exchange resources to the purchase of wheat from the United States and Australia, and rice from Burma and Siam. But she has insufficient funds to meet the needs of all her people, and there is a distinct fear of famine in the immediate future. The population of the sub-continent is increasing at the rate of 2,000,000 a year. The United States has ample wheat for export, but India is faced with a big shortage of shipping.

AN AMERICAN ENVOY AT THE "COURT" OF TITO : The President of the Council of Ministers and Minister of National Defence, Josip Broz Tito, shaking hands with Mr. George W. Perkins, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State, when the latter paid an official visit to Belgrade. Mr. Perkins, the highest-ranking American politician to visit Yugoslavia since Tito broke with the Cominform in 1948, later told a Press Conference that he had discussed with Tito the question of continued Western aid to Yugoslavia. Mr. Perkins said that Tito had stated during their talks that he was not anticipating an invasion of Yugoslavia by her Cominform neighbours during the coming spring.

BELATED NEWS FROM TIBET—THE FIRST PICTURES TO REACH LONDON OF THE FLIGHT OF THE DALAI LAMA FROM HIS CAPITAL AT LHASA : *Left*—The vanguard of the Dalai Lama's bodyguard heading south across the Thang La Pass, 14,300 ft. up in the Himalayas, as the spiritual ruler of the Tibetans fled to Yatung, fifteen miles from the Sikkim border. *Right*—Troops of the Dalai Lama's bodyguard engaged in exercises before their departure. With the Dalai Lama went 144 mule-loads of treasure.

The reason for the flight of the Dalai Lama is not far to seek, for it is obvious that the Communist invaders would have a trump card in their hands if the Dalai Lama, revered throughout Tibet, fell into their hands. In December the Tibetan Cabinet decided to remove the Dalai Lama to Yatung, near Gangtok and Kalimpong, on the borders of India, thus leaving themselves free to negotiate with the Communist invaders. Strangely enough, however, the Communist invasion has been slow in the extreme. About five months have gone by since they overran, without difficulty, the easternmost province of Kham, but since then they have made little progress along the main caravan route, which is the axis of their advance. Their slowness is not due to any effective opposition by the Tibetan Army or to any great rally of the people following the investiture of the fifteen-year-old Dalai Lama with full powers, thus bringing to an end an unpopular Regency. The mystery of the suspended invasion therefore remains, and it is all the more remarkable in that for months past the Chinese Government and Pekin radio have been announcing their intention "to liberate the Tibetan people from imperialist aggression." Neither climatic nor logistic problems account for apparent Chinese reluctance to complete their mission, so it is possible that behind the scenes negotiations have been going on with the object of achieving a peaceful penetration which may leave Tibet with some vestiges of autonomy.

THE GREAT FIRE ON WILSON'S PROMONTORY AT THE SOUTHERN TIP OF THE STATE OF VICTORIA : This aerial view, taken by a photographer from a plane chartered by an Australian newspaper, shows buildings round Wilson's Promontory lighthouse burnt to the ground. Apparently bush fires, which had been raging round Mount Latrobe, suddenly swept down the mountainside and engulfed this little settlement on the Bass Strait, lying opposite Tasmania. The lighthouse and two houses appear to be intact, but the rest of the little settlement has been burnt to the waterline. Mr. Howard, a carpenter from Melbourne, who was among the first to be brought to safety from Wilson's Promontory, declared afterwards: "I saw the fire at the top of the hill at 6 a.m. I woke two others, and we made for the end of the promontory. The fire, moving fast, followed us. Our house went up and we all tried to save the other timber houses. It was hopeless."

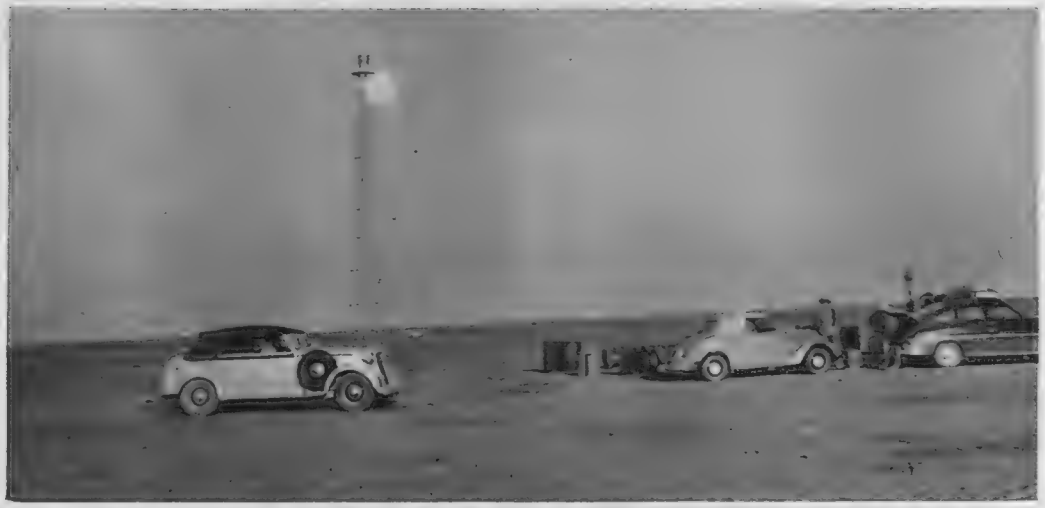
REMARKABLE ESCAPES IN A BRITISH AIR CRASH IN SWEDEN : When this R.A.F. Valetta crash-landed in an open field and ploughed its way into a wood near Stockholm, the eighteen members of a party of R.A.F. cadets and four members of the crew of five had remarkable escapes. The second pilot, Flight-Lieutenant D. H. Davey, died on the way to hospital. Lieutenant Cox, the navigator, and Squadron-Leader T. Nisbet, the officer commanding the cadets, were among the four injured. All the rest emerged from the plane unscathed. The cadets were returning by air from a week's visit to Sweden. The party had spent some days at Ostersund for winter flying and ski-ing, and on the day of the accident had been at the Swedish Air Force officers' training school at Upsala, where they attended a farewell entertainment. When the machine crashed, the cadets were seen to be emerging from the wreckage of the Valetta in strict order and discipline.

LEADERS OF THE GOLD COAST: Kwame Nkrumah, leader of the Convention Peoples Party of the Gold Coast (second from left), is seen here during a Press Conference he gave the day after his release from prison, at Accra. His release followed his election by popular vote to the Gold Coast Legislative Assembly. With him are, left to right: Agbeli Gbedemah, acting Chairman of the C.P.P. during Nkrumah's imprisonment; Barrister Hutton Mills and Kojo Botsio, Secretary of the C.P.P. and an Oxford graduate. All four have served terms of imprisonment for sedition or stirring up illegal strikes during the "positive action" days of January 1950, and all four are now members of the Legislative Assembly, in which their party has a majority.

THE TRIAL AT GRAZ: Mrs. Napier, wife of Neville McVey Napier, the former captain in the East Surrey Regiment, who has been sentenced to nine years gaol for giving a Czech spy information about the British Army. Mrs. Napier, a former Austrian countess, sat during the last stages of the three-day trial with pictures in her hand of her husband and of her eleven-year-old daughter by a former marriage. Because of the case Mrs. Napier's daughter has been taken from her care.

NEVILLE McVEY NAPIER: The former British officer leaving the court at Graz accompanied by a sergeant, who acted as his escort. Napier, a young London insurance clerk who joined the Territorial Army in 1939, became a wartime officer and served at El Alamein, in Palestine, Africa, Syria, Italy and Austria. He has been sentenced to one year for obtaining information about the British forces; one year for trying to obtain such information; and seven years for conveying the information to Franz Reicher and Maria Vogrina (twenty-one) Reicher's fiancée. The sentences run consecutively.

WHITE LINES ON GREEK ROADS—A NATIONAL TRAFFIC SAFETY CAMPAIGN IN GREECE: In order to help the Greeks to meet their traffic problems, a highway-striping machine has been bought from the United States under the Marshall Aid Plan, to "line" roads for the guidance of Greek drivers. This section of the Megara-Athens Highway forms part of the 1,400 miles of Greek highways which are to be treated by the new machine.



DESERT DRIVERS PAUSE AT BIDON CINQ, A DESERT LIGHTHOUSE AND PETROL STATION IN THE HEART OF FRENCH NORTH AFRICA: The cars were competing in a drive from Oran, North Africa, to Abidjan on the Ivory Coast, a distance of 3,600 miles. The drive was organised by the French colonial authorities to mark the inauguration of the new port of Abidjan, which the French have opened for deep-sea traffic. Among the competitors was an American working in a shipping business in Marseilles and a Danish business associate. They drove a high-wheeled Dodge weapons-carrier, which they bought from U.S. surplus army stores, and declared when they reached Abidjan and took part in the three days of festivity at the opening of the port that they were having a thoroughly good time. Beds and meals had been furnished free on the desert route, they said, but they had none the less managed to spend between them about 2,300 dollars.

THE ADVANCE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH FLEET IN THE KOREAN WAR AREA—H.M.S. "LADYBIRD," A CONVERTED YANGTSE RIVER STEAMER: This vessel, now flying the White Ensign, is acting as the forward headquarters ship of Vice-Admiral W. G. Andrewes, who commands the British Fleet attached to the United Nations Forces in Korea. *Ladybird* has communication equipment equal to that of a cruiser, and she is responsible for the fuelling, feeding, ammunition and welfare of the Fleet in Korean waters. It was announced last week that Vice-Admiral Andrewes had been appointed to the command of the United Nations blockade and escort force. Admiral Andrewes replaced Rear-Admiral Allan Smith, U.S. Navy, who now serves under him. The command includes ships of eight nations.

NORWAY'S HERRING FLEET GOES INTO ACTION

Members of the Diplomatic Corps in Oslo recently journeyed to Bergen at the invitation of the Norwegian Ministry of Fisheries, and they then put to sea in the S.S. *Nordstjernen*, which set course for the fishing grounds. The visitors saw one of the most remarkable sights among the fishing grounds of the Western world, as literally hundreds of tons of fish were brought in by the ring nets. During a short period of eight to ten weeks at this season of the year more food is brought from the sea in the Norwegian herring grounds than anywhere else on earth. More than 2,000 vessels, with crews totalling 15,000 men, take part in the chase for the fine fat herring which come in from the Atlantic to spawn on the Norwegian banks. The Norwegian herring fleet is very modern and very effective. In addition to the 300 Diesel-driven vessels, which use the ring nets, the other vessels of the fleet use the same kind of nets as the British drifters.

The average total catch for the short herring season is about 600,000 tons, but in 1948 the total reached 800,000 tons, which would probably be enough to provide every man, woman and child in the world with one square meal and still leave some over. Only about 20 per cent. of all this fish is sold directly to the Norwegian and foreign markets as fresh or salted herring. The rest is used for the production of margarine oil and herring meal. There is, indeed, enough of this raw material to keep seventy-five factories busy.

THE NORWEGIAN HERRING FLEET IN AALESUND HARBOUR: Some of the ships ready to take part in the eight to ten-week season which brings the largest haul of fish made anywhere in the world in a comparable space of time. Aalesund was once built almost entirely of wood, but a disastrous fire destroyed the town in 1904 and subsequent rebuilding was done in stone.

BRINGING IN THE MORNING'S CATCH FROM THE RING NET: One of the larger herring fishing-vessels operating off the west coast of Norway. In the modernly equipped Norwegian herring fleet there are about 300 Diesel-driven vessels equipped with ring nets and capable of taking 300 tons of herrings in one single throw.

BY THE MARGIN OF THE SEVEN SEAS

The Great Winter Herring Catches Off the Norwegian Coast; Oil Refining by the Etang de Berre; A Great Porpoise Haul at Cape Town

FRANCE BUILDS A NEW TANKER PORT—OIL TANKERS UNLOADING THEIR CARGOES AT LAVERA, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ETANG DE BERRE, THE GREAT INLAND SEA WHICH LIES TO THE NORTH-WEST OF THE PORT OF MARSEILLES AND ROUND WHICH ARE RISING THE NEW REFINERIES: *Left*—A tanker unloading at the first of the completed docks at Lavera, opposite Port Bouc. While construction work is going on most unloading is done by sea-line, as shown in the picture *on right*.

France, like Britain, has under way elaborate projects for the expansion of her oil-refining industry and, partly with Marshall Aid funds, great new refineries are now arising, being for the most part concentrated in the Marseilles area round the shores of Etang de Berre, the stretch of inland sea which is approached from the Mediterranean via the narrow channel at Martigues. Near Martigues is rising the new tanker port of Lavera, which will be the largest of its kind in Europe, comprising five docks, each 984 ft. long and 331 ft. wide. When these docks are completed, it will be possible to handle simultaneously nine sea-going ships, and from the docks pipe-lines will carry the crude oil to the three oil refineries beside the shores of the Etang de Berre. The refining industry along the Etang de Berre has indeed assumed immense proportions. Of the 11·7 million tons of crude oil imported by France in 1949, over a third was treated in the Berre refineries. Two of the three refineries have received direct Marshall Aid, Shell Berre being allocated 1,890,000 dollars for special U.S. refinery equipment to help increase refining capacity from 1,000,000 tons annually to 2,330,000 tons. Part of this increased capacity will result from transferring production from a refinery at Pauillac, near Bordeaux, which was almost completely destroyed by bombing during the war. Nearby, at La Mede, the Compagnie Française de Raffinage has received 90,000 dollars to install a catalytic cracking plant with a gas-recovery system. The La Mede project is expected to result in a substantial increase in gasoline production. Closely linked with the development of Marseilles' oil industry is a naphthachimic petroleum chemical derivation plant, which alone will save France 11,000,000 dollars a year in imports. Construction of this new plant is now well under way, thanks to an 853,000-dollar E.C.A. grant. The factory will employ 400 to 500 workers recruited from the Marseilles area, and housing and recreation facilities for the personnel are also going up.

AN UNUSUAL HAUL FOR CAPE TOWN FISHERMEN : Twenty-five members of a school of porpoises after they had been hauled ashore in nets at Camps Bay. It was decided the haul should be given to the coloured folk of Cape Town. A correspondent in Cape Town says that porpoise constitutes a mixture between horse-flesh and whalemeat. This may be so of the local variety in the South Atlantic, but in northern waters in medieval days the porpoise was esteemed as a royal delicacy, its flesh being said to resemble pork, hence the derivation porpoise, from *porcus piscis*.

AN ENGLISH STEAMER GOES AGROUND IN THE STOCKHOLM ARCHIPELAGO : Swedish tugs and motor-boats operating round the *Malmo*, of the Ellerman and Wilson Line, after she had run aground at Mariagrundet, near the Isle of Namdo. The *Malmo*, with a cargo of paperware, wallboard and chocolate, was en route from London to Stockholm. She reached her destination after lightening operations, and has since been in dry dock at Stockholm undergoing an extensive under-waterline inspection.

On left—
THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS, 1951 VERSION, HAS NOW BEEN JOINED : This picturesque view of the fishing area at Hastings, taken from the top of the East Hill, may disappear if the latest proposal before the local council is agreed upon. This is that the fishermen's net houses should now be demolished, and that those that may still be needed should be re-erected on another site along the foreshore. Previous proposals to demolish the net houses have evoked storms of protest.

A STATELY SURVIVOR OF THE AGE OF SAIL WHICH STILL PLIES BETWEEN PORTS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN : The schooner *Maria Dacoutros* seen in Grand Harbour at Malta. She carries general cargo to and from Sicilian, North African and French ports, and is based on Malta. On such short trips she can maintain a reasonable time schedule, and she is economical in operation. In the foreground is a Maltese boat, called a dghajsa, in which the oarsman rows with a pushing action.

SCARBOROUGH'S NEW LIFEBOAT IS LAUNCHED FOR THE FIRST TIME ON A DUTY CALL : The *E.C.J.R.* returning to port after a fruitless search on the scene of an aeroplane crash (a jet Meteor) which took place some five or six miles out to sea. After a two-hour search no survivors were found, and the lifeboat returned to Scarborough.

London's Sailor Police Force

THE WATCHDOGS OF THE THAMES WHO COMBAT RIPARIAN CRIME

London's Police Force, like Britain's armed forces, has a "Senior Service." This is the Thames Division of the Metropolitan Police, a body of men whose ceaseless vigil makes London's river the most efficiently policed stretch of water in the world.

As recently as 150 years ago crime was rampant among the 37,000 people then living and working on the banks of the River Thames; it has been estimated that nearly one-third of them were thieves or receivers, and they looked upon the many richly-laden ships that sailed into the Port of London as their lawful prey. West Indian merchants counted themselves fortunate when they saw even half their precious cargoes safely lodged in the warehouse, and so clever and thorough were the thieves—they often worked in conjunction with ships' crews—that efforts to counter their activities proved in the main quite ineffectual.

With the great growth of trade between Britain and Eastern countries the losses mounted alarmingly. As pillaging increased shipowners remained powerless, for there was no police force, not even a land force, since London's Metropolitan Police were not founded until nearly forty years later.

Ships approaching the reach below Tower Bridge knew they had to run the gauntlet of gangs composed of the most desperate and depraved characters who, for a hectic period in history, made London's river their happy hunting ground.

The thieves often used violence to get what they wanted, but even without it they did pretty well. Receivers would apply to buy "sweepings"—parts of cargoes "accidentally" dropped in the course of unloading—and at one time these reached enormous proportions. Sometimes members of a crew would be bribed to "bleed" the cargo; one way of doing this was to load barrels of oil into barges with the bungs downwards, and often half the cargo would thus drain into the bottom; goods were surreptitiously dropped over the side, conveyed ashore and subsequently shared with the "droppers"; night watchmen were often in league with the thieves, and large quantities of goods were removed in this way at night; there were also "scuffle hunters," ruffians who specialised in creating a brawl on the open quays to enable others, under cover of the diversion, to carry on wholesale pilfering.

WHERE THE IDEA OF LONDON'S SAILOR POLICE FORCE WAS BORN: A police patrol putting off from Wapping landing-stage, near which (on extreme left) is the old courthouse where Patrick Colquhoun was magistrate in 1792. It was Colquhoun who started the Marine Police Force to combat the gangs who preyed so mercilessly on London shipping.

A FLAGSHIP OF THE FLEET: The *Patrick Colquhoun*, one of the three supervisory launches attached to the Thames Division of the Metropolitan Police. It is named after the eighteenth-century Scottish magistrate to whom the Thames Division owes its origin. The boat is capable of a maximum speed of more than 18 knots.

This was the state of affairs until the coming of Patrick Colquhoun, the man to whom the Thames Police owe their origin, and whose fame ranks with that of Henry Fielding (who started the Bow Street Runners) as a pioneer in bringing law and order to a London that then knew little of either.

Colquhoun was a Scottish advocate who came to London to practise in 1789; three years later he was made magistrate at the Queen's Street Stipendiary Courthouse at Wapping, and he at once made the cleaning-up of the river reaches his chief concern.

He set about studying the methods of the thieves, and published a detailed report on their depredations over a number of years. The information in the report and the ability and zeal of the new magistrate so impressed the wealthy West Indian merchants that they agreed with one accord to adopt his suggestion that a marine police force should be recruited to wage relentless war on the criminals.

The task of forming this new force was given to Colquhoun, and on the site of the present divisional headquarters of the Thames Division at Wapping the first marine police office was opened in July 1798. Crews were made up of ferrymen, mariners and men released from the Royal Navy; they had no recognised uniform except that of the ordinary Thames waterman, which followed closely the garb worn by merchantmen of the period; each boat had one "sitter" and two rowers, all armed with staves and cutlasses, the boat itself being equipped with pistols, powder horn and flints.

Blunderbusses were later issued to the crews, but strict injunctions were given that cutlasses were only to be drawn if they were meant to be used. The present-day London "bobby" is given exactly the same instructions with regard to his baton.

Steam launches and later motor boats with some protection for the crew gradually replaced the old row-boats, and all the time the new river police force was being moulded into the superlatively efficient body which it has become to-day.

Some measure of the way in which the formation of the Thames Division has resulted in reducing the previously staggering amount of crime perpetrated by cargo-thieves is shown by the fact that in 1797 recorded losses from ships coming into the Thames totalled £506,000. In 1947, 150 years later, the figure had been reduced to £2,003—comparatively low considering the immeasurably vaster quantities of valuable merchandise which are unshipped in the course of a year at the world's greatest port.

A constable attached to Thames Division is in every respect a policeman, just like his fellow "bobby" on land. The only difference is that his patrol extends 36 miles from Teddington Lock to Dartford Creek—the longest, coldest, and in many ways the most exciting beat in London. Every one of the thirty-six motor launches carries a crew consisting of a sergeant, who acts as coxswain, and two constables: there is thus a proportion of sergeants to men which is not found in any other police force in the world, but the arrangement is necessary because of the responsibility vested in the coxswain of a boat, who is thus always an officer of rank.

Nearly all the men are ex-Navy or ex-Mercantile Marine; they volunteer for river duty after two years on a land beat.

"CALLING THAMES ONE!" Constable John Gage lifts the receiver as the wireless crackles. It may be a routine message from headquarters or a call for assistance. In any case, Acting Coxswain Jones is on the alert.

In addition to being fitted with two-way radio telephone and standard life-saving equipment, each boat carries a powerful searchlight on the cabin roof for examining craft and wharves at night; larger launches carry a rocket apparatus, while all boats carry salvage gear and towing lines, long-range binoculars, semaphore flags, fire-fighting and first-aid appliances, chemical resuscitators, tarpaulins and stretchers.

The boats themselves are equipped with powerful 65-h.p. single-screw Perkins diesel engines first introduced in 1940. During World War II each patrol-boat bore the letter "P" in white paint for identification purposes.

There *is* something exciting about the work of Thames Division, but you realise it only with an eye to history. Crime to-day is practically non-existent on the Thames; London, the commercial hub of the world, is now a *safe* port; and the unrelenting vigilance of the police patrols ensures that it remains so.

Frank Lambe

WESTERN VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, IN THE GRIP OF ITS WORST DROUGHT FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS : Sheep in the Coleraine area are seen as they make their way to two of the remaining waterholes in the parched countryside. With the drying up of rivers and waterholes, cattle owners were faced with the possibility of losing entire herds. At normal times the waterholes in this great sheep-grazing area contain thousands of gallons of water, but without rain, and with a hot sun beating down on the open pasture land, it does not take long for the supply to be exhausted. Added to this great problem as the drought lengthens is the increasing danger from bush-fires.

VICTORIA'S GREAT DROUGHT

Scenes in the Sheep-Grazing Country of Australia Before the Rains Came

QUEUEING FOR THEIR WATER : Schoolchildren at Wannon, Victoria, form a queue at their township to receive their ration of water. The terrific heat in Victoria was later followed by torrential rain, which in turn caused an entirely different situation.

THREE ASPECTS OF A PERIOD OF LONG-CONTINUED DROUGHT : *Left*—Grass walls are strung to the fencing in order to keep the hot winds away from the cattle-grazing grounds. *Centre*—At Henty these men had dug 9 ft. down in search of water, and apparently they were meeting with success, judging by the muddy water in the bottom of the workings. *Right*—A cow trotting down to the water's edge at Casterton. The river is seen in the background, reduced to a narrow stream.

LYME PARK AND THE DERBYSHIRE NATIONAL PARKLAND SCHEME: A scheme to include Lyme Park in the Derbyshire National Parkland is objected to by the Stockport Corporation, who say the scheme would mar the area as a local amenity for Stockport folk. This celebrated property near Stockport, for 600 years in the possession of the Legh family, was taken over by the National Trust in 1946 and leased by the Trust to the Corporation, who required it as a recreational centre. Towards the end of 1947 there was much opposition to the suggestion that the Ministry of Fuel was about to start open-cast mining in the grounds, and as a result the project was abandoned. The park and adjacent moorland cover some 1,322 acres. Lyme hall is of Jacobean date, and was enlarged and altered by Giacomo Leoni in 1726, and again added to by Lewis Wyatt in 1817.

Stately Homes in New Guises

PORTICOS OF THE PAST

The Lyme Park Controversy; Preserving Gosfield Hall; The Drake and Grenville Museum at Buckland Abbey; Froyle Place and the Fight Against Tuberculosis

THE FUTURE COLLEGE OF THE LORD MAYOR TRELOAR ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL, ALTON, HANTS: Froyle Place, which has been acquired by the hospital founded in 1908 by Sir William Treloar, a former Lord Mayor of London, for the treatment and cure of crippled children.

When the Ministry of Health took over the nation's hospitals they allowed the trustees of the Lord Mayor Treloar Cripples' Hospital to continue in the administration of the hospital's college and orthopædic workshops which are still housed in the wooden buildings put up during the Boer War. Elizabethan in origin, Froyle Place, the once private house which is now to house the college, is to undergo considerable alterations to suit the needs of its new occupiers. This work is scheduled to begin on April 1. The boys enter the college, with its vocational emphasis, after their deformities have been put right in the hospital. They are trained in leather-work, tailoring and boot-making, while book-keeping is taught not to produce clerks, but to enable the boys to keep their own books on leaving and entering business. In their last year of training in the boot-making shop, they are taught surgical boot-making, and in making the footwear for the hospital patients they have a distinct advantage over those learning the trade in a workshop of limited output. There is also an elaborate system of after-care when the boys leave to take up jobs or to become their own masters. They may be seen and advised either in London or at the hospital, or at one of the many clinics run by the hospital all over the country. The City of London has, by reason of its founder, continued to show an active interest in the welfare of the hospital which, since being taken over by the Ministry of Health, is now known as the Lord Mayor Treloar Orthopædic Hospital. The father of the present Lord Burnham (chairman of the College Trustees) was closely identified with Sir William Treloar in the foundation of the hospital and the college, and, as the Hon. Harry Lawson, was mainly responsible for the splendid efforts of a daily newspaper in raising £10,000 of the £60,000 Mansion House Fund in 1906-1907. This assured the successful launching of the great scheme which has proved of inestimable benefit to countless children suffering from tuberculosis of the joints.

SOON TO BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC AS A DRAKE AND GRENVILLE MUSEUM—HISTORIC BUCKLAND ABBEY IN DEVON, ONCE THE HOME OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE: Although the formal opening by the Duke of Edinburgh will not take place until October, the Abbey will be opened to the public in June. *Above:* The interior of the thirteenth-century tithe barn with its original open timber roof, which has survived flood, fire and siege. It will be used to house museum pieces, and will also be used for drama. *On right*—A general view of the Abbey, the renovation of which is now nearing completion after restoration work which has been carried out there for the past four years. The Abbey, a Cistercian foundation of 1278, was acquired by Drake in 1581. Drake returned to England in 1580 from his world voyage, his ship laden with gold, silver, silk and pearls as a consequence of highly successful commerce raiding. It was with this new-won wealth that he acquired Buckland, and when he died he left it to his brother Thomas, the companion of most of his voyages and adventures. A few years ago Plymouth Corporation received a gift of £15,000 from the Pilgrim Trust for work on the old Abbey, now a National Trust property, but as this sum was insufficient to meet the high cost of repairs, the Abbey Committee made a public appeal for further aid.

A NOTABLE EXAMPLE OF TUDOR DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE—GOSFIELD HALL, NEAR HALSTEAD, ESSEX, WHICH IS TO BE PRESERVED: The Minister of Local Government and Planning has announced his intention of issuing a building preservation order for the safeguarding of this old Essex hall which stands close to the market-town of Halstead. Under the terms of this order no person may demolish a building, nor may any alteration be carried out, unless at least two months' notice has been given to the local planning authority. It was at Gosfield Hall that Louis XVIII of France found a temporary home during his life in England, hither he came in 1807 after twelve years wandering about Europe. He remained in England until the victory of the allied armies in 1814 opened the way to Paris, thus ensuring the restoration of the Bourbon Monarchy.

RUFFORD ABBEY, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, WHICH HAS BEEN BOUGHT BY THE COUNTY COUNCIL AT A COST OF £14,000: The Abbey, formerly the seat of Lord Savile, stands on the site of a Cistercian Abbey founded in 1148. The property, together with the 57 acres of land surrounding it, has been sold by the owner, Mr. Henry Talbot de Vere Clifton, to the Council, who had originally planned to have the building demolished. As the demolition has not yet started, it is possible the Abbey may be saved for use as a civil defence centre. The house, built of red sandstone in the Elizabethan and Jacobean styles, was badly damaged by troops during the war.

65, COLLEGE STREET, BRISTOL, THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM FRIESE-GREENE, THE PIONEER OF CINEMATOGRAPHY: In this now dilapidated house close to the Cathedral, William Friese-Greene was born on September 7, 1855. Apart from a tablet in the Orpheus Cinema, no memorial to this little-known Bristolian is to be found in his native city. It has now been suggested that some well-deserved recognition should be made in Bristol in order to perpetuate his memory. In 1885 Friese-Greene exhibited moving photographs recorded on a rotating glass disc, and soon after 1889 made his first picture, views of the traffic at Hyde Park Corner, London. Friese-Greene's life-story is being told in the Festival Film of 1951.

BUILDING PREFAB. HOUSES ROUND CHIMNEYS

A NEW TYPE OF HOUSE CONSTRUCTION AT HATHERLEY, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

PUTTING IN A PREFAB. FLOOR: A complete floor unit is lowered into position in one of the new Schindler-Goehener type prefabricated houses, eighty-four of which are being erected at Hatherley, in Gloucestershire. They are the first of their kind in the British Isles and are made by Hawkesley Constructions. An outer shell of bricks gives to the houses a conventional appearance.

A NEW TYPE OF PREFAB.: Assembling one of the new Schindler-Goehener prefabricated houses at Hatherley. In the above picture, a complete wall section goes in. The houses are, in effect, built round the brick chimneys and fireplaces, which are the first sections to be erected on the marked-out plots.

First of their kind in the British Isles are these council houses of the Schindler-Goehener type which are rapidly nearing completion at Hatherley, in Gloucestershire. The finished buildings have all the conventional outside appearance of brick-built houses, but the insides are completely factory-made. Floors, doors, windows and walls, together with the reinforced concrete beams and pillars, are all completely prefabricated. They are brought to the site and erected with the aid of a mobile crane. The completed interior is then bricked in with a single layer outer shell. The brick chimneys and fireplaces are the first to be erected on marked-out plots for each house. The completed walls, partitioning off each dwelling, are then lowered in by crane round the finished floor unit. Roof timbers are cut to size in the factory and put together on the site with the aid of a jig. The timbered roof framework is then lifted complete on to the house. The brick outer shell is keyed to the concrete pillars of the inner structure of the house, with aluminium foil as insulation. The bricklaying is practically the only conventional operation in the entire building.

ROOF TIMBERS READY FOR PLACING IN POSITION: The timbers are cut to size in the factory and put together on a jig at the site. The timbered roof framework is then lifted on to the house by the mobile crane as a complete unit.

BUILDING ON THE BRICK OUTER SHELL OF THE SCHINDLER-GOEHENER HOUSES: Bricklaying is one of the few conventional methods in the construction. The outer shell is keyed to the concrete pillars of the inner framework of the house.

THE LAST PHASES IN CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW PREFABS.: *On left*—A row of completed brick chimneys round which the remainder of the row will be built. In the background, a crane is at work lifting final sections into houses which are nearing completion. Behind the crane may be seen scaffolding where the bricklayers have started putting on a single layer of brick outer shells. *On right*—The completed houses, which look very much like a normal brick-built type.

A GIANT EXCAVATOR TO DIG GERMAN LIGNITE

A 1,100-TON WALKING DRAGLINE AT HELMSTEDT

THE MARKS LEFT BY THE TOOTHED WHEEL OF THE EXCAVATOR, LIKE THE CLAWS OF SOME FABULOUS MONSTER: The excavator digs about 850 cub. yards per hour. Its first task is to remove the overburden before bringing out the lignite.

Helmstedt, in the heart of one of the great brown-coal areas of Europe, will increase its production vastly as a result of the completion and installation of the new walking dragline, a monster of even greater dimensions than that depicted in THE SPHERE of February 24 in an article dealing with Australia's brown-coal mining in the Latrobe Valley of Victoria. Lignite, the lowest rank in coal intermediate in the transformation from peat to bituminous coal, has for long played an important part in the German economy. In Germany before and during the war, it was used for producing synthetic liquid fuel, and the first commercial plant was built at Leuna in 1927. By 1944 output at Leuna had reached 600,000 tons per year, and this was increased by plants at Bohlen, Magdeburg and Brux. Then the R.A.F. intervened.

THE 1,100-TON BLADE WHEEL EXCAVATOR GOES INTO ACTION AMONG THE LIGNITE MINES AT HELMSTEDT, GERMANY: The machine, 241 ft. long from the teeth of the excavator wheel to the rear cabin, is driven by forty electric motors. It has taken approximately a year to construct, and many technical difficulties have held up its progress.

MORE ASPECTS OF HELMSTEDT'S WALKING DRAGLINE: *Left*—Two of the six caterpillar tracks on which the dragline advances to the point where it excavates overburden or lignite. Each track is 7½ ft. wide, and together they enable the excavator to move, even on soft ground. The ground pressure of the machine is about 7 lb. per sq. inch. *Right*—The excavator wheel which loosens the earth or lignite. Another arm then swings into position and the ground is scooped up.

THE PANTILES—SHOWPLACE OF ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS: The Pantiles are to Tunbridge Wells what Princes Street is to Edinburgh. This fine promenade, flanked by lime trees, shops and its unique Tuscan pillared colonnade, has been successively known as "The Green Banks," "The Walks" and "The Royal Parade." It was named "The Pantiles" after Queen Anne (then the Princess Anne) presented the authorities with £100 to pave the grass walk with "pan tiles." The original houses were destroyed by fire in 1687.

Portrait of a Country Town

ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

The Kentish Spa Where Beau Nash Once Reigned and the World of Fashion Obeyed His Mandates

A STREET SCENE IN ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS: This view looks past the Clarence Hotel to the church of Holy Trinity designed by Decimus Burton, who was also the architect of the Athenæum Club and several other notable buildings in London. The foundation-stone of Holy Trinity was laid in 1834 by Princess Victoria, the future Queen on the anniversary of the birthday of her mother.

TWO ASPECTS OF THE UNCHANGING TUNBRIDGE WELLS: *Left*—The rocks on Mount Ephraim, and in the background Gibraltar House, so named because of its proximity to the rocks. *Right*—One of the Crescents in the residential quarter of the town, an architectural style to be found in many of the old Regency watering-places of England.

Though spas are notoriously susceptible to the whims of popular taste, time, on the whole, has been kind to Royal Tunbridge Wells. Once it was considered the essence of "bon ton" to take the waters amid the rustic environs of this salubrious resort on the borders of Kent and Sussex. But the curative qualities of the chalybeate spring have long since suffered a total eclipse, and to-day the celebrity of "The Wells" rests chiefly on a popular brand of biscuit and the longevity of its population.

No one would suspect that the origin and subsequent fortunes of this well-to-do county town—with its trim, tree-flanked thoroughfares and elegant crescents—which wears an air of such impeccable respectability, were initiated through the dissipations of a young man of quality. For had Dudley, third Baron North, not contracted a "great agitation of his inward parts," and happened to seek refuge from the excesses of the Court of King James the First at the hunting-seat of the Earl of Abergavenny in 1606, matters might have been very different indeed. But no such notions disturb the serenity of the twentieth-century clientèle of "The Wells," who, fortified by *table d'hôte*, view the prefabricated present through the plate-glass windows of their residential headquarters on the heights of Mount Ephraim. Nor, for that matter, does anyone pay much attention to the bronze plaque of the handsome nobleman that adorns the wall of the Regency pavilion at the foot of the Pantiles, where the waters of the once so renowned mineral well bubble up into an iron font. It had been quite by chance that this rather neurotic young man discovered the source of a medicinal spring, the waters of which completely cured his disordered constitution. To commemorate his miraculous discovery—not to mention his recovery—Lord North in later life wrote a folio volume of essays entitled *A Forest of Varieties*. In a marginal note his lordship, whose prose incurred the displeasure of Horace Walpole, modestly remarked: "The use of Tunbridge Waters for health and cure, I first made known to London and the King's people . . . much more I could say, but I rather hint than handle, rather open a door to a large prospect than give it." By the time that Lord North's literary testimony had been digested by an indulgent public, the door had indeed been flung very wide open, and any further "hints" were uncalled for.

After some polite, but determined, skirmishing as to the actual ownership of the chalybeate spring had abated, Royal patronage, supplemented by a strenuous publicity campaign on the part of a certain Dr. Rowzee, produced the most heartening results. The doctor's

AT THE WINDOW OF HER FLAT IN CHANCELLOR HOUSE: Lady Plender, widow of the distinguished chartered accountant, the late Lord Plender, is one of Tunbridge Wells' most popular and gracious residents.

A CHARACTER OF "THE WELLS": Eighty-four-year-old Mr. Walter Aslett outside his Curiosity Shop in Crescent Road. Born a Londoner, Aslett joined Sanger's Circus as a musician, and later "played" for Sir Henry Irving in *The Bells*. Aslett remained with the Irving Company for many years, and when Sir Henry presented him with a copy of his biography, he said: "When you read my life you will also be reading your own." Aslett has lived in "The Wells" for fifty years. "Trade is bad nowadays," he says, "but then what can you expect."

A LITERARY SHRINE: Rock Villa stands at the foot of Mount Ephraim, and as No. 18, London Road, it was once listed among the town's most "genteel lodgings for persons of condition." Later, it became known as Thackeray's House. To Rock Villa in 1860 came the august William Makepeace Thackeray with his daughter, Ann. It was here that this eminent Victorian wrote *Tonbridge Toys* and most of *The Virginians*.

THE CHALYBEATE SPRING PUMP-ROOM AT THE END OF THE PANTILES HAS A DELIGHTFUL REGENCY AIR: Many people visit the spot, but no longer for the curative properties of the water, for Tunbridge Wells has long since ceased to be a spa. It was here that Dudley, third Lord North, discovered the medicinal spring which gave him back his health. Early records tell of how this nobleman of King James's Court entered into all the gallantries of his times, and how he retired to Eridge House, a hunting-seat of Lord Abergavenny, to recover his health. It was while on his way home from his retreat that Lord North came across the spring concealed in a wood through which his road passed.

THE PROSPECT FROM MOUNT EPHRAIM: There are few English county towns more quietly prosperous in aspect than Tunbridge Wells. Picturesquely situated near the Kent-Sussex border, it still enjoys popularity as a resort.

panegyric—a highly compelling document—which extolled the efficacy of the mineral waters to unimagined heights, had the additional attraction of being written in the King's English as opposed to the customary "dog" Latin of the day. His theories, however, caused consternation among the professional quacks, whose nauseating potions of bat's broth and roasted mice sustained a decisive slump.

And so summer succeeded summer and the straggling hamlet became a flourishing town peopled between the months of May and October by kings and queens, beaux, belles, touts and even religious maniacs. Indeed, the influx reached such a crescendo of fashionable commotion at one time that the great Mr. Beau Nash was summoned from Bath to act as a form of referee and imposed law and order. But after the reign of Mr. Nash, like that of Queen Anne—who generously contributed the sum of £100 for the paving of The Pantiles—had passed into limbo, the status of Tunbridge Wells as a curative mecca entered a gradual though not imperceptible decline from which it never entirely recovered. Bored with these bouts of mock rusticity, the beaux-monde, and their train of fellow-travellers, eventually hurried off to sample the rival and still more sophisticated attractions of Bath and Brighton, leaving behind them a residue of stranded gentry, dyspeptic dowagers and worn-out rakes. Yet, no one could say that Tunbridge was a dull place. Nor could it be denied that the chalybeate spring had become entirely neglected by discerning invalids. The Princess Victoria—daughter of George the Third, for example, found that the waters worked wonders with her much debilitated constitution.

By the time Mr. Decimus Burton—the most painstaking of architects—had begun to embellish the town with his grandiose schemes, of which the Church of Holy Trinity proved a rather unfortunate lapse of artistic ingenuity—social life at Tunbridge Wells appears to have acquired a second wind. The Princess Victoria, under the vigilant eye of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, had succumbed to the latest and most fashionable pastime of donkey-riding—introduced by Lord George Seymour—and a young actor named Edmund Kean was singing comic songs at the Playhouse.

But the list already grows too long, and the shadows of the leisurely summer days that seemed as if they would never end, had begun to spread their fingers across the ghost-haunted flagstones on The Pantiles.

And yet, sometimes, even now, as the breeze stirs in the lime trees by the old disused bandstand, there are those in "The Wells" who say you can hear the sound of strange voices and soft music in the evening air.

THIS WAS THE END OF THE LINE FOR THIS RELIEF TRAIN : The train, with two engines, is seen stranded amid the snowdrifts on desolate Rannoch Moor, Inverness-shire, when the attempt to bring relief to the passengers in a stranded Glasgow-Fort William train was frustrated within a mile-and-a-half of success. This relief train, which was sent out from Glasgow with food and railway gangers, returned to Glasgow, but not before volunteers had made contact with the stranded passengers, and meanwhile relief for the Glasgow-Fort William train was forthcoming from the other direction, the twenty-six passengers who had been snowbound at Corrour for thirty hours being brought safe and sound to Fort William. Mr. Murdo M'Kenzie, a Fort William businessman, one of the passengers in the originally stranded train, declared in an interview on arrival at Fort William: "It was the most terrific snowstorm I have ever seen. A howling gale swept the snow into huge drifts, some of them 15 ft. high. We daren't open a window to look out. One man tried it and had his hat whipped off his head and blown across the line on to the moor. The first night was the worst. The engine fires had to be put out when the water supply failed. The dining-car staff did their very best for us, though, and gave us tea and hot soup. We came out of our compartments and stayed in the dining-car, where it was warmer, with the heat from the kitchen stove."

THEY SOON SAW THAT FURTHER PROGRESS WAS AN IMPOSSIBILITY: The relief train on Rannoch Moor, Inverness-shire, watched by railway workers as it sought to move forward across the last mile-and-a-half of track separating it from the train to which it was bringing help. In the end a second relief train, also sent from Glasgow, had to drag this first relief train out of the drifts.

MR. SIDNEY SILVERMAN BROUGHT POLITICAL WEIGHT INTO COURT : The Member of Parliament for Nelson and Colne seen as he left Bow Street after appearing for three of the Merseyside dockers who were in court in London charged with conspiring with others to incite dock workers to take part in illegal strikes. Mr. Silverman is a solicitor and his considerable political prestige was an obvious asset to the three men he represented. Accompanying him in this picture is Mrs. Braddock, Member of Parliament for the Exchange Division of Liverpool.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, CONVALESCENT AFTER HIS RECENT BOUT OF PNEUMONIA, ARRIVES AT EASTBOURNE ON A HOLIDAY VISIT : Mr. Ernest Bevin leaving his car on arrival at his hotel at the start of what was expected to be a 10-day visit. Mr. Bevin was accompanied by Mrs. Bevin and his doctor, Sir Alexander McCall. Before his departure from London the Foreign Secretary had two long visits from the Prime Minister, and there was considerable speculation regarding his future plans. Mr. Bevin celebrates his seventieth birthday this year. He started work as a farm labourer as a boy of ten and first became active in the trade union movement in Bristol.

From the SNOWBOUND HIGHLANDS to the GALE-SWEPT SOUTH

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A CONTROVERSY OVER THE AFFORESTATION OF THE QUANTOCKS : This aerial view, looking towards the Bristol Channel, shows some of the glorious uplands in Somerset which have been the subject of a much-debated forestry scheme. The original scheme, which aroused such antagonism from the Friends of Quantock Association and other lovers of this stretch of countryside, has now been abandoned, and a revised plan has now come before the Williton Rural District Council in whose area the afforestation will take place. This allows for extensive tracts on the hilltops to be left unplanted, and boundaries have been drawn to avoid interruption of views across the Quantocks to the Bristol Channel. On the lower slopes beech, oak, larch, Douglas fir, Scotch pine, Corsican pine and other trees will be planted. By the new safeguards it is hoped that the great natural attractions of the Quantocks will not be lost. The tops of the hills are covered with bracken heather.

ENTHRONED "INTO THE REAL, ACTUAL AND CORPORAL POSSESSION OF THE BISHOPRIC AND EPISCOPAL SEE OF CHELMSFORD": The Right Rev. Sherard Falkner Allison, D.D., who has succeeded the Right Rev. H. A. Wilson, as fourth Bishop of the Diocese, blessing the people after his enthronement in the Cathedral Church of St. Mary. The new Bishop, brother of the Assistant Bishop in the Sudan, was enthroned by the Archdeacon of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops Suffragan of Colchester and Barking and the Archdeacon of Southend. The large congregation included the Lord Lieutenant of Essex; the Deputy Lieutenants; the Chief Constable and the High Sheriff; His Majesty's Judge of the Assize; the Mayors and Town Clerks of the diocesan boroughs and all the clergy of the diocese. With the officiating dignitaries ready to receive him, the Bishop proceeded to the locked West Door of the Cathedral, knocked thrice thereon and requested to be "conducted to the Bishop's seat in this our Cathedral Church of Chelmsford, there to be inducted, installed and enthroned according to ancient usage and prescriptive rite." During the Solemn Recognition the President of the Free Church Council of Chelmsford greeted the Bishop in the name of the Free Churches. The 44-year-old Diocesan, was lately Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH PAYS A VISIT TO "THE LITTLE HUT": The Princess greeted at the Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, when she arrived with the King and Queen and Princess Margaret to see the French comedy, starring Robert Morley.

HIGHEST PAID WOMAN IN THE CIVIL SERVICE: Dame Evelyn Sharp, who has been appointed as a Deputy Secretary at the Ministry of Local Government and Planning. Dame Evelyn was Under-Secretary for Housing, Ministry of Health, 1945-46. Her salary of £3,250 makes her the highest-paid woman in the Civil Service.

"AMERICA," FLAGSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES LINES, BREAKS DOWN IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER: The liner was just starting on her return voyage to New York when her driving shaft was fractured and she had to be towed back to her dock. Her sailing was then delayed for some days in order to enable British engineers to repair the damage. Meanwhile, the 233 passengers were invited to remain on board. The *America* was later towed from her berth in Ocean Dock to the new docks, to make room for the *Queen Elizabeth*.

GALE DAMAGE AT FOLKESTONE, KENT, AND THE QUESTION OF WHO PAYS FOR THE REPAIRS: Workmen engaged in smashing the concrete terrace-work prior to the carrying out of proposed alterations which may include the sinking of steel-sheeted pylons, 12 ft. in front of the wall. Last week Folkestone magistrates met in order to decide who shall pay the bill for emergency work carried out to save homes from the sea at Sandgate, after they had been battered by gales during post-war years.

PORTSMOUTH WELCOMES THE SWEDISH TRAINING CRUISER "GOTLAND": The 4,750-ton cruiser is seen as she arrived at the harbour with a group of naval cadets aboard for a five-day visit to this country. The Harbour and Civic Authorities of Portsmouth arranged a programme of events for the instruction and entertainment of the officers, cadets and crew, and the Mayor received a party from the cruiser. The *Gotland* was laid down in Sweden in 1927 at a cost of about £900,000. Originally equipped for minelaying, she was refitted and rearmed for duty as an anti-aircraft cruiser in 1944.

ON PARADE

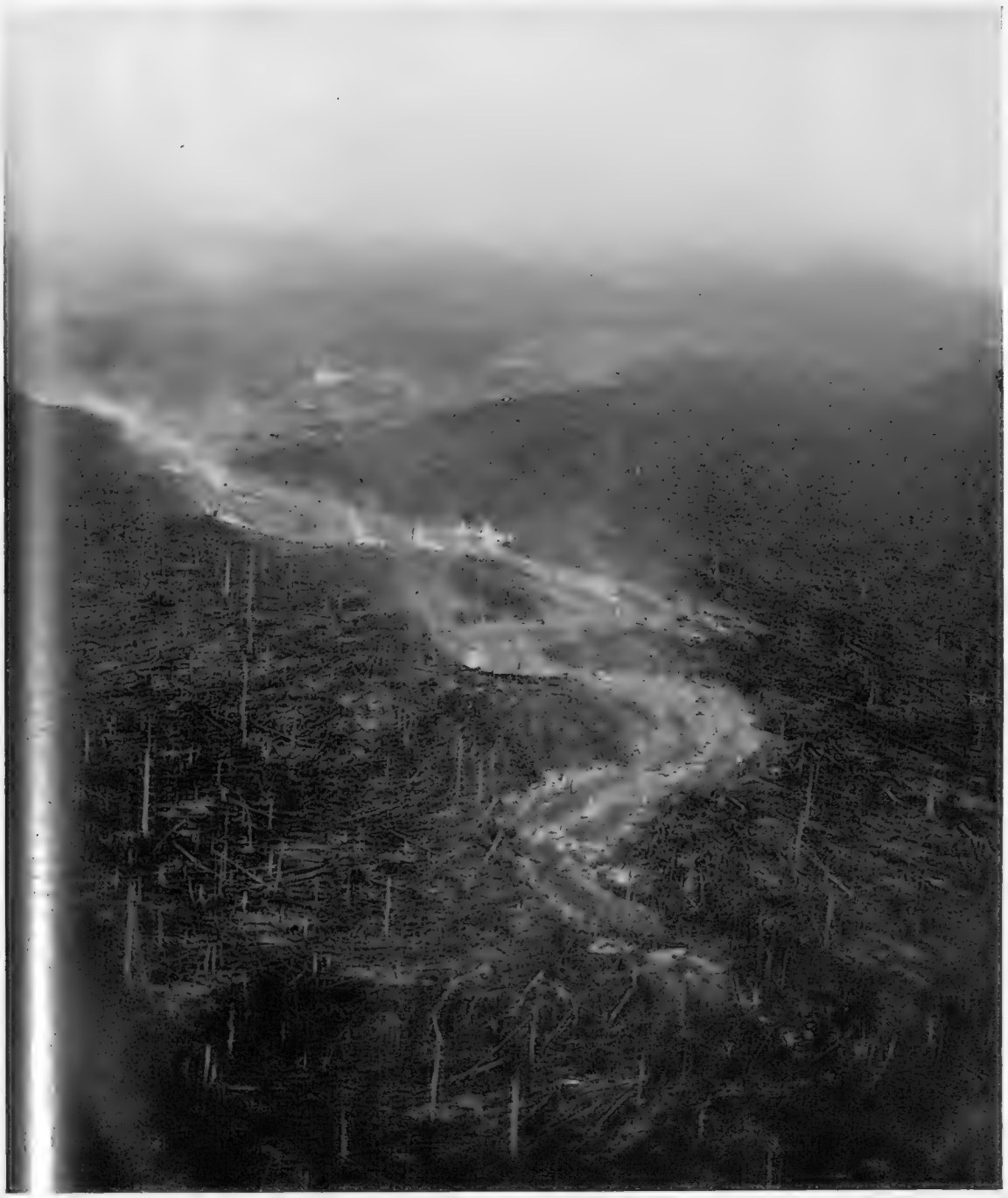
CICELY COURTNEIDGE IN "GAY'S THE WORD" AT THE SAVILLE THEATRE: THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET COMPANY RETURNS TO COVENT GARDEN

CICELY COURTNEIDGE IN RURITANIA: The opening scene of Ivor Novello's new musical comedy, *Gay's the Word*, at the Saville Theatre. The play was written and the music composed by Ivor Novello, from an idea by Jack Hulbert, who produced the show. The lyrics are by Alan Melville, and several of them (as sung in the above scene) satirise the typical Novello-Ruritanian musical comedy. Several years ago, Ivor Novello promised to write a musical comedy for Cicely Courtneidge. In *Gay's the Word* he has fulfilled his promise and provided another big success for them both. Jack Hulbert supplied the idea for the story, which tells of a musical comedy star, Gay Daventry (Cicely Courtneidge), who starts a dramatic school at her large country house, after she has lost her money in a show which failed. Lizbeth Webb, who was discovered by the late Sir Charles B. Cochran, is also in the cast, and sings some tuneful songs. Berkeley Sutcliffe designed the colourful costumes, and the decor was designed and painted by Edward Delany, who was responsible for the spectacular three-dimensional sets which were used for the first time in an ice show in *Dick Whittington on Ice* at Wembley.

THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET RETURNS TO THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: Members of the company rehearsing before last week's opening night of the new ballet season. *On left*—Moira Shearer and John Hart. *On right*—Lorna Mossford, Margot Fonteyn, Anne Heaton and Rosemary Valaire rehearse under the ballet-master, Harijs Plucis. The Company returned from their brilliantly successful tour of North America at the end of January, and after a short holiday, began rehearsals for the 1951 season at Covent Garden. *The Sleeping Beauty* was chosen for the opening night, with Margot Fonteyn in the part of Princess Aurora. Later, she danced on alternate nights with Moira Shearer. *The Sleeping Beauty* was given eight times during the first two weeks and every performance was sold out. The ballet has sole occupation of Covent Garden during March. On May 14 the company will take a five-weeks holiday, but will return to Covent Garden before going to Edinburgh for the Festival.

THE TRAIL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ROUND MOUNT LAMINGTON

An Assessment of the New Guinea Volcanic Disaster, and a Comparison with the Calamity of St. Pierre



A RIVER OF STEAMING MUD OOZING ALONG A WATERCOURSE IN THE DEVASTATED AREA BENEATH THE SLOPES OF MOUNT LAMINGTON: This picture more than any other epitomises the New Guinea tragedy. The first of the eruptions began on January 18 and was entirely unexpected, as although native legends told of smoke pouring from the mountain, there was no official record of any previous eruption. There were further eruptions during January and February, that on February 18 causing tremors in Port Moresby and other Papuan towns.

LOOKING THROUGH THE HUGE RENT WHICH THE ERUPTION TORE IN THE SIDE OF MOUNT LAMINGTON: The eruption blew 2,000 ft. off the top of the mountain, and as a result of the tremendous lateral blast a number of native villages were razed and their populations wiped out, the native casualties being roughly estimated at between 4,000 and 5,000.

THE GREAT LAYER OF VOLCANIC ASH WHICH NOW LIES THICKLY OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE ROUND MOUNT LAMINGTON: Whole villages now lie lifeless beneath the mounds of ash, but as a result of the catastrophe the area will enjoy a greatly enhanced fertility.

NOT since the atom bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, destroying at one blow two of the great cities of Japan and bringing a whole Asiatic Empire crumbling in ruins, has there been a disaster of the magnitude of that at Mount Lamington, New Guinea, and not since Mont Pelée exploded with terrible violence nearly half a century ago, killing 34,000 inhabitants of St. Pierre, Martinique, has there been a natural catastrophe to compare with Mount Lamington. The one saving feature in this tragedy in South-East Asia has been the fact that no vast centres of population lay in the path of this tremendous eruption. As it was, 400 people in the settlement of Higaturu, the entire population, was wiped out at one blow, and over 4,000 people in nine villages perished in a matter of a few minutes when 2,000 ft. of mountain was blown off and a great, incandescent avalanche swept through the rent in the peak. Mount Lamington, which has been quiescent for years, began this disastrous exhibition on January 18, 1951, and a month later the great volcano was still rumbling; craters with huge fires raging within them were still hurling rocks 5,000 ft. into the air, while hot lava was still flowing down the slopes, and repeated earth tremors were being felt in the distant townships of Lae, Buna and Port Moresby.

Meanwhile, under the surveillance of the Administrator of New Guinea, relief workers, operating from Popondetta, have been hard at work opening up the devastated territory, helping to make it habitable once again for people who have lost their all in the obliterated villages, helping to care for the maimed and the fatherless, and to carry out the thousand-and-one tasks before life can begin again.

The Mount Lamington eruption has aroused the interest of volcanologists

(*Continued on following page*)

STEAM POURS FROM A FISSURE IN THE SIDE OF MOUNT LAMINGTON: After the destructive eruption of January 21, Mount Lamington continued to rumble ominously and from time to time black smoke and rocks belched forth from the main crater. From fuminoles all round the mountainside steam continued to pour, indicating the nature of the boiling cauldron within.

THE AREA BETWEEN MOUNT LAMINGTON AND THE SEA WHICH HAS BEEN DESOLATED BY THE MOST VIOLENT ERUPTIONS OF RECENT TIMES, COMPARABLE IN FORM TO THE GREAT ERUPTION WHICH OVERCAME ST. PIERRE NEARLY HALF-A-CENTURY AGO : It was from one of the peaks of Mount Lamington that a tremendous lateral blast swept down the mountainside, overwhelming the township of Higaturu, where 400 people died, very much in the manner in which the lateral blast from Mont Pelée, Martinique, destroyed the town of St. Pierre in 1902. After the first eruptions the relief workers gathered at Popondetta, within nine miles of the volcano, and during the week-end of January 27-28, they were nearly driven from that spot when further eruptions occurred on Mount Lamington. The town of Higaturu was utterly destroyed.

FROM THE HEIGHTS OF MONT PELEE AN INCANDESCENT AVALANCHE ROARED DOWN TO THE SEA : This is an artist's impression of the great catastrophe of 1902, as it occurred on the island of Martinique when the town of St. Pierre was laid in ruins and its people perished. It was this same type of incandescent avalanche, a great lateral thrust of red-hot stones and ash, which last month overwhelmed the people living below Mount Lamington.

(*Continued from previous page*)

because it has displayed the unusual feature of a lateral rath than an upward thrust, and in this respect it very closely resembles the disaster at Mont Pelée, in Martinique, in 190

Dr. Flett and Dr. Tempest Anderson, who were commissioned by the Royal Society in London to investigate the effects of the practically simultaneous volcanic outbursts from the Soufriere of St. Vincent and Mont Pelée, in Martinique, reported that the most remarkable features in each case were the unusually high temperature and the low angle at which the materials were discharged from the peaks. At that time the circumstances were more or less new to volcanologists, although Japanese investigators at Bandai-san in July 1888 also reported that the greater part of the debris had been hurled almost horizontally into a valley, sweeping down the mountains

THE TRAIL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ROUND MOUNT LAMINGTON

An Assessment of the New Guinea Volcanic Disaster and a Comparison with the Calamity of St. Pierre

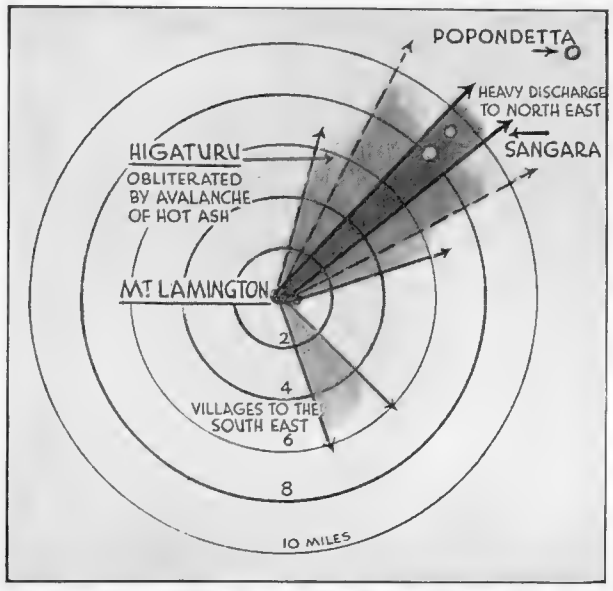
SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY PERCY HOME

THE DEADLY SUPER-HEATED ASH-BLAST FROM MOUNT LAMINGTON POURING INTO THE VALLEY AFTER 2,000 FT. OF THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN HAD BEEN BLOWN OFF, LEAVING A MIGHTY RENT IN THE PEAK THROUGH WHICH THE AVALANCHE BURST OUT HORIZONTALLY : The avalanche is seen overwhelming Higaturu and eight other settlements beneath the mountain. The Government volcanologist, who flew over Mount Lamington shortly after the disaster, declared : "There is a smoking chasm pointing like an arrow at Higaturu, and down it came the blast which razed the town. The blast had a velocity of hundreds of miles per hour and a temperature of several hundred degrees." One survivor in the neighbourhood of stricken Higaturu afterwards declared : "The mountain exploded like an atom bomb. Black smoke leapt up like a mushroom and then came rolling down towards us. It all occurred in a matter of a few minutes

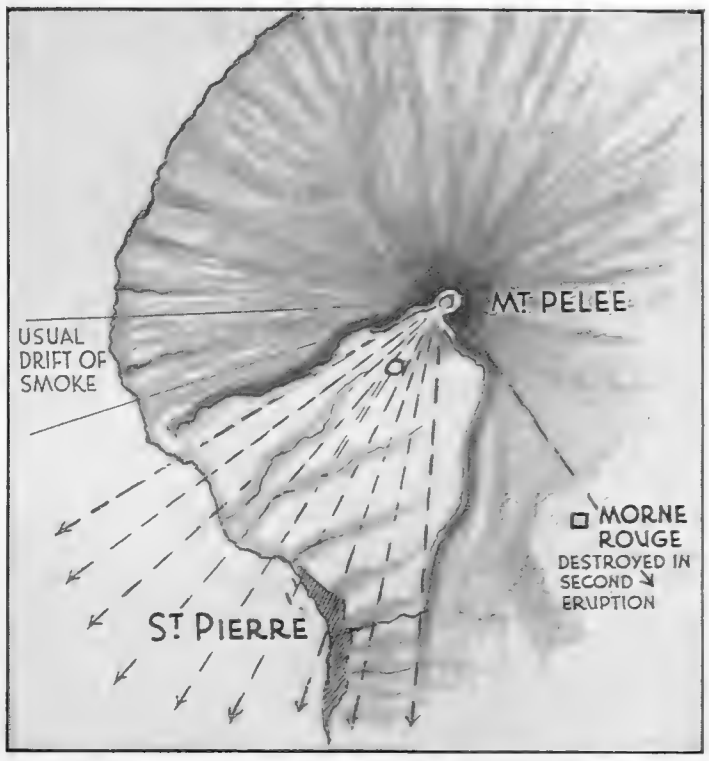
with the most incredible velocity. As two of the drawings on these pages so clearly show, it was this lateral blast that overcame Higaturu in the Mount Lamington disaster. The destruction was really wrought in a matter of minutes, and so violent and so hot was the discharge, it is understandable that nothing could live along the main path of the eruption.

In August 1902 the Royal Society report on the West Indian eruptions was published in No. 1712, Volume 66, of the journal *Nature*, and the phenomena exhibited at Mont Pelée so closely resemble the eruption at Mount Lamington that a few sentences of quotation from that Royal Society report are of special interest. It is probable that when Mr. Taylor, the Government volcanologist who has been working in New Guinea, comes to make his own report, he will note some of these resemblances. Just as one of the eye-witnesses, who saw the Mont Pelée eruption from the sea, declared, as the great, incandescent avalanche roared downhill, "the mountain bursts," so did an eye-witness in New Guinea declare: "The mountain exploded like an atom bomb." Both of them were onlookers upon Nature in her most awe-inspiring moments. They saw what it was given to few to see, and yet still survive.

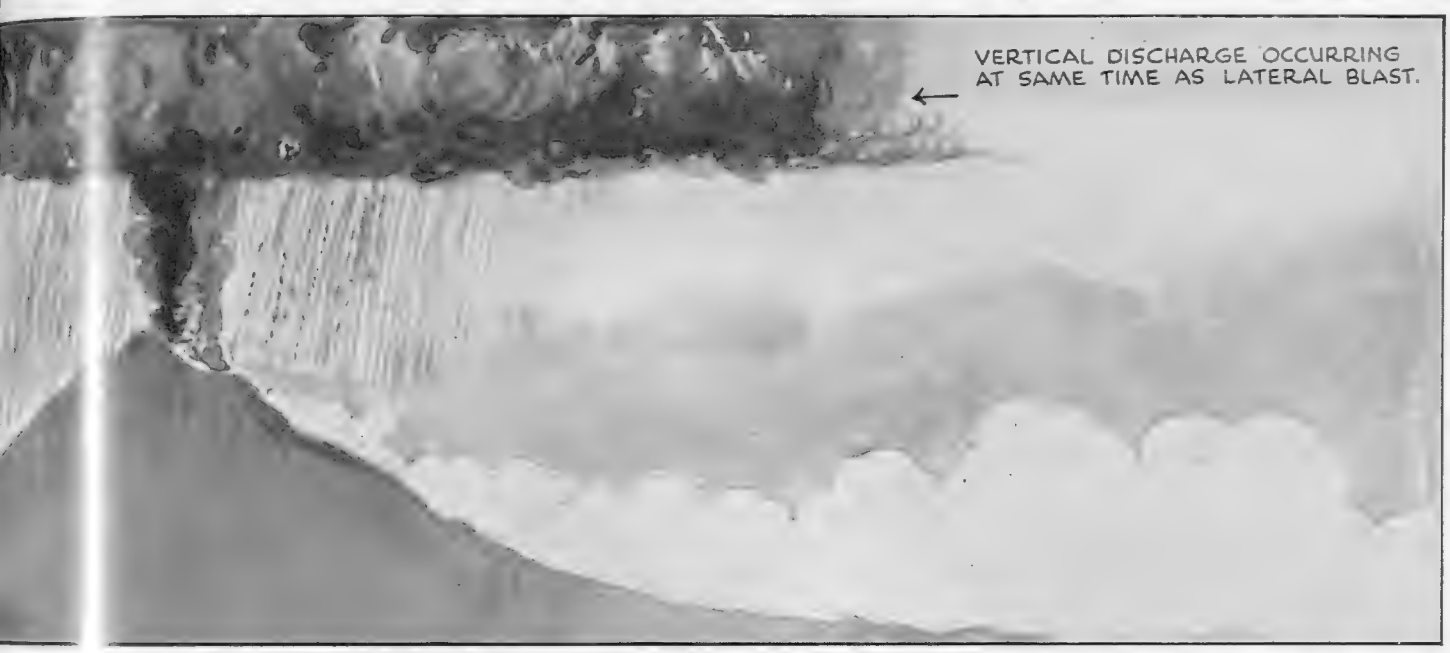
Here is what the Mont Pelée eye-witness beheld:



HOW THE LATERAL DISCHARGE FROM MOUNT LAMINGTON WAS CONFINED TO A LIMITED SEGMENT: If the discharge had been straight into the air the loss of life would have been less and the volcanic ash would have been distributed evenly over a radius of eight or ten miles. It is the lateral thrusts of great violence which are most to be feared among volcanic phenomena.

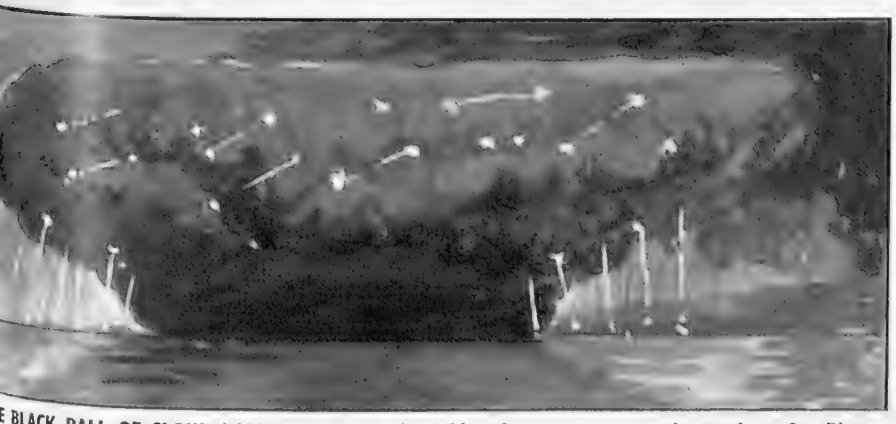


THE DIRECTION OF THE ASH-LADEN AVALANCHE FROM MONT PELEE, MARTINIQUE, WHICH ON MAY 8, 1902, AFTER SENDING FORTH ITS WARNINGS FOR TWO WEEKS, VOMITED INTO THE CITY OF ST. PIERRE A MASS OF SMOKE, POISONOUS GAS AND FIRE, SWEEPING OUT OF EXISTENCE IN A SPACE OF TWO MINUTES NOT LESS THAN 34,000 PEOPLE: The zone of the catastrophe on Martinique was strictly limited in extent, as on Mount Lamington, owing to the lateral nature of the blast. There were three well-marked zones: (1) The centre of annihilation, in which nothing survived; (2) A zone of singeing, blistering flames which was also fatal to all life, killing all men and animals but not utterly destroying the trees; (3) A large outer non-destructive zone of ashes.



HE NUEES ... NSES—THE ASH-LADEN, FIERY CLOUDS WHICH MAY SWEEP DOWN TO THE SEA AT THE ... AME TIME AS THE VERTICAL DISCHARGE CONTINUES TO TAKE PLACE: These phenom... were observed both in the Mont Pelée and the Mount Lamington disasters. The Fre... h scientists who observed the West Indian eruptions at the beginning of the century ...ferred to the ash-laden clouds as Nuées Denses, or sometimes as Nuées Ardentes.

"Just ... fore darkness closed in, we oticed a c... ud which had in it something eculiar, ha... ing over the lip of the fissure. t first glan... it resembled the globular cauli-ower mass... of steam. It was, however, arker in co... ur, and did not ascend in the ir or float a... way, but retained its shape, and owly got la... ger and larger. After observing for a short time, we concluded that it was ravelling st... aight down the hill towards us. t was so distinct in its behaviour from the scending steam clouds that our attention as riveted on it, and we were not without pprehension as to its character. It seemed take some time to reach the sea, and it rolled over the bay we could see that rough it there played innumerable light-ngs. We weighed anchor and hoisted the ils, and in a few minutes were slipping uthward along the coast with a slight sterly wind and a favourable tide. We d, however, scarcely got under way when it became clear that an eruption was impending. As the darkness deepened, a dull red reflection was seen in the trade-wind cloud which covered the mountain summit. This became brighter and brighter, and soon we saw red-hot stones projected from the crater, bowling down the mountain slopes, and giving off glowing sparks. Suddenly the whole cloud was brightly illuminated, and the sailors cried, 'The mountain bursts!' In an incredibly short space of time a red-hot avalanche swept down to the sea. We could not see it start from the crater owing to the intervening veil of cloud, but the lower parts of the mountain were clear, and the glowing cataract poured over them right down to the shores of the bay. It was dull red, with a billowy surface, reminding one of a snow avalanche. In it there were larger stones which stood out as streaks of bright red, tumbling down and emitting showers of sparks. In a few seconds it was over."



E BLACK PALL OF CLOUD PASSES OUT TO SEA: This phenomenon was observed at St. Pierre, before the great incandescent avalanche swept down from the heights of Mont Pelée. One eyewitness at St. Pierre declared: "The cloud itself was black as night, dense and solid, and flickering lightning within it gave it an incredibly venomous appearance."

A VERTICAL DISCHARGE FROM PELEE: In this discharge which preceded the terrible lateral discharge which followed, the ash-laden vertical cloud had the same flickering lightnings within it as had the cloud which later swept out to sea. This lightning, terminating in stars of dazzling brilliance, gives evidence of gas localised in the vapour mass.

New Lamps and Old

CONCERNING ESQUIRES and GENTLEMEN

And the Appropriate Approach to Them of "Mr. Bloodsucker"

By JOHN GORE

"ESQUIRE."—"Mr. Bloodsucker" and other Civil Servants in their communications with the public have largely scrapped the "Esquire" convention. It is really very polite and undemocratic of them to accord us a "Mister" instead. And there are many levellers who write to the Press who agree in the decision and think the time has come to be done with "Esquire," as such a prefix is now "meaningless flattery." Meaningless it certainly is and has long been, but whether flattery has been a reason for its use in the past fifty years, I am not prepared to say. Once, no doubt, the title was accorded by the precedence authorities to definite grades in the social scale.

That the word was derived from the Latin for shield-bearer is no doubt sure. Youths of gentle birth carried the shields of their patrons, barons or knights, and could win their own spurs in battle. But it is an odd coincidence in philology that words so near akin to esquire as equerry and equestrian should derive, the one from the Latin for a stable, the other from the Latin for a horse. All three might well derive from the same source.

When social grades and shades were matters of prime importance—during the whole of the nineteenth century in particular—the "authorities," followed by *Debrett* and *Burke*, and so forth, while claiming no absolute cut-and-dried limit to the use, listed certain individuals to whom the right of user of the form "Esquire" certainly belonged. These ranked from noblemen's sons down to knights' sons, and to members of any degree in the Orders of Knighthood and some other orders, and various office-holders and higher professional men ranging from Bankruptcy Commissioners to J.P.s "*while in office.*" In a recent article I quoted Trollope's Miss Marrable in *The Vicar of Bullhampton* as a sound authority on class-distinctions as late as 1870 (the year of publication). "She always addressed an attorney as 'Mister,' explaining that an attorney is not an 'Esquire.'" Miss Marrable was "old-fashioned" in 1870, not as regards her rules for the use of "Esquire," but as regards her interpretation of a "gentleman"—a grade one step lower in the "social scale" than "Esquire." In her heart of hearts she still considered that a gentleman was one who did not *work*. This belief was tottering, no doubt. If a gentleman *must* earn his living, then it must be done as "a clergyman, barrister, soldier or sailor." Trade was utterly taboo. Miss Marrable was a gig-maniac of 1870, not a maniac. A perfect gentleman (she felt) should still be financially above the necessity for working.

If you can get hold of an up-to-date copy of *Debrett*, turn to page cxii (edition 1946), and you will observe (keeping a straight face) that still there is some sort of a definition supplied of this lowest order of chivalry comprised in the "Table of Precedence."

A Gentleman ?—I am not going to embark on the controversial theme "what makes a gentleman ?"; no, thank you. Its derivation is another matter. The most attractive, if least certain, is that it derived with "Esquire" from the military ranks of *Gentiles* and *Scutarii* current at the decline of the Roman Empire.

That lineage had something to do with it, in origin as well as in use, is certain, and well into the middle of the Victorian era the term was constantly used to differentiate social grades, and clearly carried some sort of hereditary meaning, since the writers of the '70's and '80's not seldom speak of men who were not "gentlemen" being "gentlemanlike."

We live to-day in an era of transition and muddle-mindedness of an abnormal kind. All eras are periods of transition, since no generation of mankind is entirely static under a sun which stands strictly still. But latterly we have stepped up social revolution and move too fast for the punctual adjustment of our minds. On my return home from a holiday, it was my fate and duty to listen to a sermon on St. Matthew and his teachings, and the preacher gave clear evidence that to-day muddle-mindedness on social grades was indeed universal. He spoke of rich men and their chances of entering Heaven. He told us that those chances were quite good in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when riches were derived largely from land ownership, but that when the industrial revolution got going and until the golden age for merchant princes ended with the wars, those chances grew thinner and thinner. Up to the nineteenth century it was God's purpose that the now banned jingle :

> "The rich man in his castle
> The poor man at his gate . . ."

should be sung and accepted by all grades. But in the nineteenth century commerce crowded out the rich man's sense of Christian responsibility and it became impossible for him to be a Christian. (I assure you I heard every word that fell from the pulpit, and I burned with indignation when I remembered the schools and ragged schools and other foundations of our merchant-prince forbears in the reign of Victoria.) Finally (or eighthly) he posed the question: "Can a rich man to-day enter the Kingdom of Heaven ?" The congregation was now shuffling its feet and coughing, but his conclusion came across: "The rich man of to-day need not despair of getting through the needle's eye into Heaven." But where first to find your rich man before you clap wings on him, the preacher did not say.

The Charlady Era.—No doubt, for centuries in our social history, there was as clear an association of ideas between gentility and capital as there was between land ownership and the hereditary system.

"He 's not a gentleman, he works," was at one period of the Victorian age not a caricature of a tenet.

Miss Marrable has been quoted for the criteria of the "transitional" '70's.

The preacher was so far right in his extraordinary verdict on Victorian merchant princes if we accept it that great wealth or the means to avoid work was no longer the criterion of gentility ; for undoubtedly the best definition of gentility is close identification with the habits and standards of a true Christian. But if wealth couldn't make the merchant prince a gentleman, the practice of Christianity could, and surely sometimes did, secure him that social rank !

Still, as of old, through wars and revolutions, we drive on in an ever-changing world to perfection, permanence and peace ; and, as we move forward, our definitions change with our standards of thought. A hereditary peer to-day is certainly not *ipso facto* a landed gentleman. A man who works is certainly not ruled out from the class of gentleman, nor is the man who can afford to keep his gig (or flivver) automatically included. We might accord the courtesy title of gentleman to-day to all who work hard and cheerfully and practise the other Christian virtues (and, indeed, charwomen and foremen to-day prefer, if they do not demand, to be called charladies and foregentlemen) ; and "Mr. Bloodsucker" might concede the courtesy of an "Esquire" to those who by their industry step up highest his supertax demand-notes. But he does not do so, even to those clients of his who, old-fashioned still, accord the rank to him.

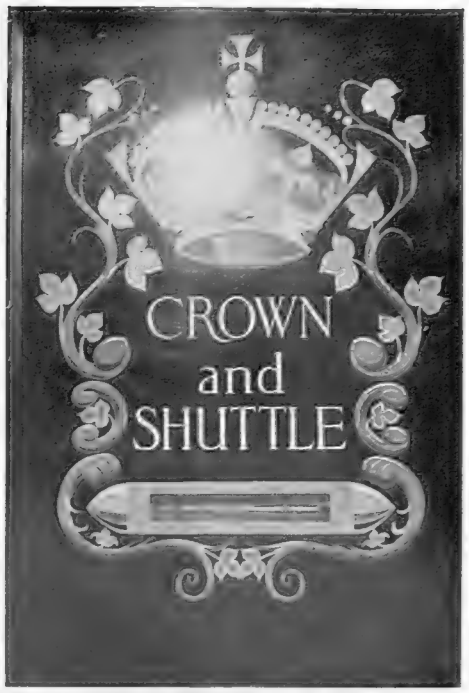
HYDE PARK CORNER, ONE OF LONDON'S BUSIEST TRAFFIC ROUNDABOUTS, WHICH IS TO BE THE SCENE OF IMPORTANT ALTERATIONS : This overhead view, looking due east from the vicinity of Belgrave Square, shows the main artery of traffic between Central and West London. It is proposed, when economic conditions allow, to alter radically the whole lay-out at Hyde Park Corner, isolating the Quadriga Arch, at the top of Constitution Hill, so that it will no longer impede the flow of traffic. Park Lane, which goes off at right-angles from the centre of the picture, will become a north to south one-way street, and a new highway will carry traffic into Hyde Park. This road will cross a bombed site amid the group of buildings between Park Lane and Apsley Gate.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

THOSE in search of a gift for friends, either at home or overseas, will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal solution. Each week, the new copy will be a fresh reminder of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed : The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the price of the subscription. Canada, £5. Elsewhere abroad, £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

A correction from Addis Ababa :—Mrs. Della Hanson, housekeeper to Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, writes to THE SPHERE from Addis Ababa asking us to correct the impression given in an American news story, and quoted by THE SPHERE in its issue of December 9, 1950, that she was dismissed by the Emperor for having been too outspoken about his way of life. THE SPHERE takes pleasure in correcting the impression that Mrs. Hanson was in any way disrespectful to the Emperor, of whom she has always spoken with the highest respect.

THE HORSE AND GROOM : Racing since the days of Henry II has been a favourite English sport, so it is little wonder that names such as the Horse and Groom and the Horse and Jockey abound. The Black Horse and the White Horse are even more ubiquitous. For Festival year many of the old inn signs are being refurbished.

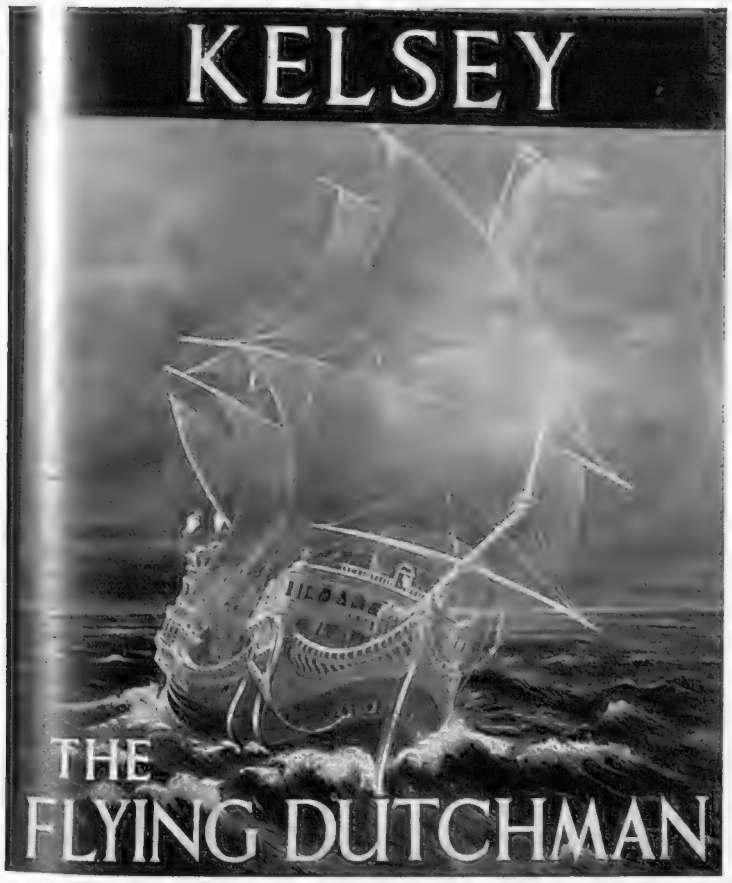


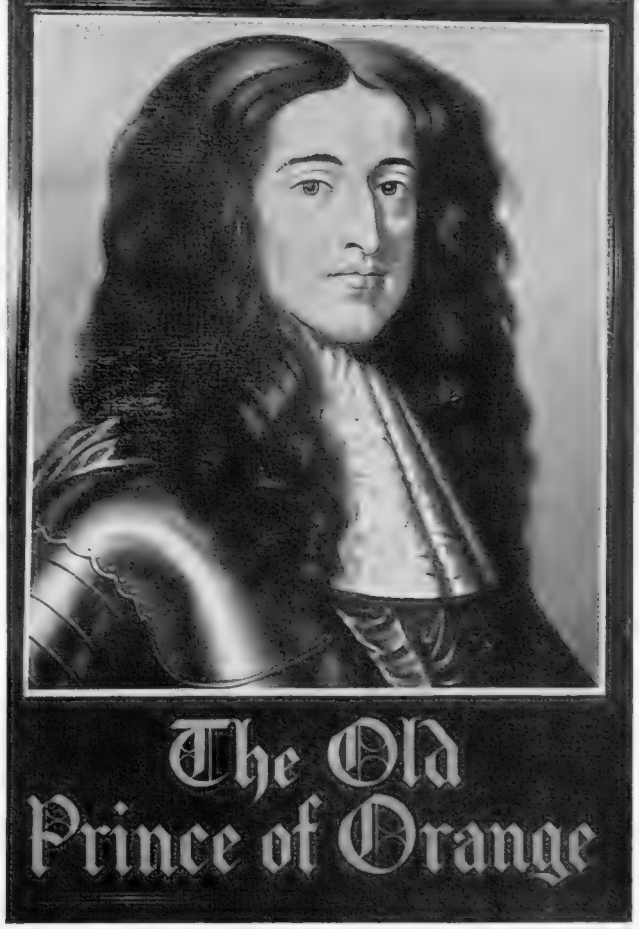
HERALDIC SPLENDOUR IN TWO MODERN INN SIGNS : *Left*—The Brunswick Arms and (*on right*) The Crown and Shuttle. These were two exhibits at the display of inn signs held in London to mark the publication of "English Inn Signs," a new and modernised version of the nineteenth-century history of signboards, by Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten. The new volume is published by Chatto and Windus at 42s.

ENGLISH INN SIGNS IN 1951

Larwood's Classic Brought Up to Date for the Year of Festival

THE GEORGE AT CAMBRIDGE : This inn sign painted by Arthur Cook, is one of hundreds in England and Wales commemorating the Hanoverians.





NEW SIGNS OF THE TIMES : *Left*—The Flying Dutchman at Southborough, Tunbridge Wells, is the work of C. H. Gilbert, and is one of many new signs to be hung at British inns during Festival of Britain Year. *Centre*—This new inn sign for The Old Prince of Orange, at Gravesend, is the work of A. G. McManus. *Right*—Here are the obverse and reverse of the sign for The Flying Saucer, a prefabricated inn to be built at Hempstead, Wigmore, Kent. The sign is the work of T. Adams.

A near classic in the realm of English publishing was the *History of Signboards*, which Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten gave to a grateful world in 1866. Hotten, who was also the publisher of this book, founded his firm in 1853 and at his death in 1874 it was acquired by Andrew Chatto, who in due course renamed the firm Chatto and Windus. Thus it came to pass that the Larwood-Hotten near-classic was preserved, and by 1907 there had indeed been twelve editions of it, each one as popular as the last. Now superbly printed and bound, and with a dust jacket of surpassing elegance, this masterpiece is with us again, appropriately enough in Festival year, when the brewers of England are manfully playing their part in contributing to the gaiety of visiting nations. The book has been brought up to date with a chapter on the modern inn sign by Gerald Millar, who rightly argues that the craft of inn sign-making still offers great opportunity for good work and perhaps for good fun too. "The wheel has come full circle," writes Mr. Millar. "Early signs were painted," he says, "because people could not read : the modern sign must attract people who haven't time to read ; who pass it at 30 m.p.h. if in a built-up area or faster if not. At the same time it must find its way into the hearts of regular customers." Here perhaps Mr. Millar most surely hits the nail on the head, and it is somewhat surprising in this respect that he makes no mention of pubs which have been renamed by the customers out of pure affection. One such was The Lily Langtry in Birmingham in the Second World War, so renamed for its red plush and prosperous air of Edwardian gentility. Another fruitful field for research, and perhaps this will find its way into another future edition of Larwood and Hotten, is the renaming of inn signs through the exigencies of war, as witness the King of Prussia, on a main highway in South Wales, which at the outbreak of the First World War naturally risked losing caste among its patriotic patrons. It became overnight, by a stroke of brilliant resourcefulness on the part of the licensee, the wholly acceptable King of Russia.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SOME PROBLEMS, MISERIES AND ECSTASIES

A Varied Assortment of New Novels, Including a Fascinating Unfinished Study by Booth Tarkington

AMONG all the talents that were Booth Tarkington's, I know of none more brilliant than his portrayal of boys and adolescents. *Penrod* and *Seventeen* are unforgettable examples of this, and it is worth remembering that they came from the same pen that wrote *Monsieur Beaucaire* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*. It would be difficult indeed to find a writer of his period with a wider scope or more varied approaches. THE SHOW PIECE (Hammond. 8s. 6d.) is his last and unfinished novel, though in essence it is complete, and includes the author's own synopsis for the last chapters. It is another tale of youth, and its central character is a boy of fifteen who seems graced with all the virtues, and who benignly accepts the admiration of his contemporaries. When he reaches maturity, however, he is revealed, not as completely corrupt or venal, but as one who has been spoiled to a degree where everything in his life must be planned to feed and protect his colossal egotism. It is a fascinating study, and it shows us most clearly a master in the exercise of his art.

If that book deals with the problems of a young man, the next three may be said to treat of the miseries and ecstasies of a number of women, though there could scarcely be three stories expressed in more different terms. First, there is Miss Elizabeth Taylor's A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.), a book of such subtle undertones that it must be explored as well as read. It concerns the relationship of a woman with two men, one her husband, and one the childhood friend whom she has loved since first she met him. The love that she feels for her husband and for their child is real too, but never as intimate, as close and as heart-breaking as that which she feels for the ineffectual man who drifts in and out of her life, and whose boyhood cleverness and precocity have turned to slickness and to the second-rate. Like all this author's work, the book has a haunting quality, not in any fey sense, but because the reader must share the experiences page by page in a way that indicates the writer with a real grain of genius.

Miss Elizabeth Coxhead uses a more direct method to expound her theme; a method in which narration plays a greater part, and in which action often takes the place of thought. At the same time, although in so different a style, she too has written a good novel. ONE GREEN BOTTLE (Faber. 10s. 6d.) is the story of a girl who has been brought up in a Merseyside slum and who comes suddenly to know the beauties of the North Wales mountains, and the excitement of climbing them. For the girl, with no background of life in the country or of any other exercise than work in an overall factory, suddenly finds herself to be a natural born rock-climber, with the suppleness, courage and lack of vertigo necessary to this most hazardous pursuit, and an overwhelming enthusiasm for it. It is evident that Miss Coxhead herself knows a great deal about climbing, for the thrills and triumphs that she describes in such technical detail are communicable, and the reader follows with an unfairly vicarious effort, as the young people scale the heights and inch their way up stone precipices.

The girl in Mr. Stanley Kauffmann's novel, THE HIDDEN HERO (Collins. 10s. 6d.) has a specific problem on her mind as the book opens, in that she believes she is responsible for the death of her lover because she left him alone and ill rather than admit that she had been with him in his house at a compromising hour of the night. To try to come to terms with what she regards as her terrible cowardice, she travels away from her New England town and in South Mexico makes the casual acquaintance of a film-writer who is on an assignment from his studio to find a man who has been one of the greatest of the flying heroes, and who has disappeared from public view for fifteen years. Together they find him and together they discover, the girl relating the secret to her own, the reason for the pilot's retirement. It, too, is a shameful secret and a bond between them. The novel is a little overweighted with intellectual impulses and considered reactions, but it is extremely effective.

THE TROUBLE OF ONE HOUSE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is a novel in a category of its own, and certainly one of the most remarkable that I have read in the past months. Mr. Brendan Gill has written about a family, a father and three young children, and what happens to each of them when the wife and mother who has been the beautiful and loving focus of their lives, is on her death-bed. He writes, too, of what has happened to this wise and witty and generous woman, of the ramifications of her marriage, her relations and his, the priest who heard her last mocking confession, and the Monsignor who rebuked the priest. Her death is like a stone falling through the still water of all their lives, and the concentric, spreading ripples move each one of them and shake them out of their polite, everyday smoothness.

ACCLAIMED BY THE AMERICAN CRITICS: Patricia Highsmith, whose first novel, *Strangers on a Train*, is now to be followed by a second novel, this time written during a cruise on a slow Italian freighter from Genoa to Philadelphia. Her first novel was acclaimed by American critics and a film of the book is now being made in Hollywood.

In Sheridan's granddaughter, Mrs. Caroline Norton, there blazed again something of the great playwright's wit and spirit, and also something of his folly and extravagance. In the London of her day she was always notable and at one moment, when her husband took her children away from her and launched an action for damages against Lord Melbourne, notorious. Mr. David Emerson writes of the first years of her stormy career in DARK BRIGHT ROSE (Hurst and Blackett. 9s. 6d.), and makes of them a tale of much elegance, romance and sound, authentic backing.

The Dowager Empress of China has since the time of her death been a figure inspiring to those novelists who possessed any real knowledge of Eastern culture and civilisation. Mr. Keith West writes of her in a more than competent novel, SHE WAS THE EMPEROR (Robert Hale. 9s. 6d.), of which the motif might have been provided by that great Chinese historian who wrote of her: "... a Princess whose intellect and beauty almost ruined the T'angs. There have been few Empresses who have possessed at once greater or worse qualities, and since these latter outweigh the former, her memory has been and always will be execrated throughout the Empire."

THE WONDER THAT WOULD BE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) may be read as a history of aviation in this country, or as a romantic story of successive generations in a far-sighted English family, the Freres, who, we are told, had no real existence but whose background is faithful to their period. Mr. John Fisher writes soberly of an exciting subject, and his long, rich novel is the better for this moderation.

TRAVELLER'S SAMPLES (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.) is an amusing title for a collection of short stories, and Mr. Frank O'Connor writes his Irish tales in a way that is sprightly enough to match it. They are all brief and pointed as befits the work of a contributor to the *New Yorker*, and some have genuine wit.

Mr. Hilary St. George Saunders goes Buchaneering with his new novel, THE SLEEPING BACCHUS (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.), and a very good adventure story is the result. The intrepid hero is an ex-Commando who has not forgotten his training in unarmed combat, the villain is an ex-R.A.F. ace whose training as a fighter-pilot has left him with more initiative than balance, and the serio-comic element is supplied by a rich uncle living in the Scottish Lowlands with a fabulous collection of paintings. From his house a Leonardo is stolen. When one of their number is apprehended and taken to prison, not only he and his guards, but the Black Maria itself vanish—without trace. To solve this mystery, worthy of a Poirot-Lupin combination, come two Frenchmen, one an ex-member of the Paris Sûreté, and both well versed in the strong-arm methods they learned in the 1944 Normandy fighting.

Of the detective stories, the best is Frances Crane's mystery in Texas, THE FLYING RED HORSE (Hammond. 8s. 6d.), in which that lighthearted couple, the young Abbotts, are concerned. Pat and Jean Abbott are not only young; they are both tall, good-looking, intuitive, affectionate and articulate, which makes Pat a good amateur detective and his wife an adequate sleuth on her own. The present adventure takes place in the city of Dallas, lovingly described by the author, who does a first-rate piece of introductory work on the subject and makes the reader regret that the place is so inaccessible to the dollar-starved tourist.

For a pretty girl to wake up and find herself in a police station is bad enough, but when it turns out to be the wrong police station, then the situation is grave indeed, and it is thus that we find the heroine at the opening of Mr. Selwyn Jepson's novel, THE HUNGRY SPIDER (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.). For Miss Eve Gill, who has been the quick-witted heroine of other mystery stories from the same pen, it is particularly awkward, because she finds herself not only in a cell under the authority of one of her most valued friends, but also in a state of near-nudity. It seems to be a case when innocence is not enough and much rapid cerebration must take place as well. This, Mr. Jepson supplies, and the result is a high-spirited tale.

MUCH ADO WITHOUT JANISSARIES

A Story of Seventeenth-Century Turkish Life

A book with a most intriguing, but rather misleading, title is Alexander Pallis's IN THE DAYS OF THE JANISSARIES (Hutchinson and Co. 18s.). This is an account of Turkish life in the reign of Sultan Murat IV, when the Stuarts sat upon the English throne, and, as such, it is full of atmosphere; for it is based upon the writings of Evliya Chelebi, soldier, traveller and teller of tales, sycophant at the court of Sultan Murat. Evliya was an engaging personality with an inquiring mind, a sort of Turkish Creevey or Walpole, a typical specimen of the Osmanli governing class of his day. In his career he passed through nearly all the stages of the Ottoman hierarchy, without ever attaining the highest posts, from being a page in the seraglio to an attaché in the diplomatic service, and thus he writes with first-hand knowledge of life in Constantinople and in the provinces of the Ottoman Empire, of affairs at Court, in the Government, and among the guilds. But where are the janissaries, the reader will ask. Alexander Pallis, in his preliminary notes, certainly makes mention of that élite, Christian-recruited corps, the glory of Turkey's early days and the scourge of the Empire for two centuries until its forcible disbandment in the 1820's. Philip Graves, in his introduction, also refers to these turbulent warriors who became a mutinous horde of Prætorians, but they do not play any considerable part in the rest of the volume. Evliya, in fact, is more concerned with the merchants and the guilds, the tavern-keepers and the sherbet-makers, with the drunkards of Galata, who delighted in the ruby wines of Smyrna and Tenedos, and the fair women of Scutari, upon whom he lavished more than a passing glance. Evliya was both observant and credulous, and across the centuries his observations, with or without janissaries, make rewarding reading.

A few years ago the house of Odhams produced an admirable guide to printing processes, typography, process engraving, and book and newspaper production generally. Now comes Sean Jennett with a very similar volume entitled THE MAKING OF BOOKS (Faber and Faber. 42s.), the only important difference being that the price is higher. The book, which is addressed to the ordinary man and not to the specialist, is, as it should be, a fine example of good binding, typography and presentation, and there is much virtue in the examples given of well-arranged layouts, proper use of initial letters, and the selection of display and body types. It is doubtful, however, if the correct approach has been made to the technical chapters on letterpress printing. They are too specialised. Surely the aim should be to emphasise the differing characteristics of linotype, monotype and intertype, as compared with hand-set founder's type, thus indicating to the ordinary print buyer how he may plan to the greatest advantage. Only in one or two instances does the author trouble to point to these differences. More of this kind of information would be a definite advantage, and there could be less perhaps of those technical details which require to be known only by the craftsman concerned, not by the man who purchases the output of that craftsman, and certainly not by the general reader who does not want to become bogged down in a welter of fine detail. All in all, however, this is a valuable work well calculated to advance the cause of fine printing.

Terence Heywood, an English author with a particular fondness for Sweden, which is reflected in the fact that he has crossed it three times upon a bicycle, skied in Swedish Lapland and sailed the west coast, is the author of BACKGROUND TO SWEDEN (Constable. 25s.). His journeyings have given him an intimate knowledge of the smaller towns, but to Mr. Heywood by far the greatest attraction of this vast land is beyond doubt, the islands. About them he positively bubbles with enthusiasm.

For the traveller nearer at home are two more of those admirable County books. The late Edith Olivier, a writer of remarkable talents and Wiltshire through and through, is the author of WILTSHIRE. It was the last book she wrote before she died, and reflects the character of an outstanding Englishwoman who knew every nook and cranny of her home county. Claud Golding writes on LONDON: THE CITY. In some ways his is a melancholy tale, for it treats of that part of the Metropolis most hardly hit in the days of the blitz. His frontispiece, showing the vast area razed round St. Paul's, is a reminder that the City was only just spared the crowning misfortune of the loss of her great Cathedral. Both these County books are published by Robert Hale at 15s.

Two new volumes for the theatregoer are Lynton Hudson's THE ENGLISH STAGE, 1850-1950 (Harrap. 10s. 6d.) and George R. Marek's A FRONT SEAT AT THE OPERA, from the same publishing house and at the same price. Mr. Hudson's survey concentrates upon the theatre rather than the dramatist, who often has more than his share of the limelight, and it brings the record almost up-to-date with notes on such fine plays as T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, *The Heiress* and *The Lady's Not For Burning*. Mr. Marek's book is of an introductory character, intimate in manner and well-informed in content.

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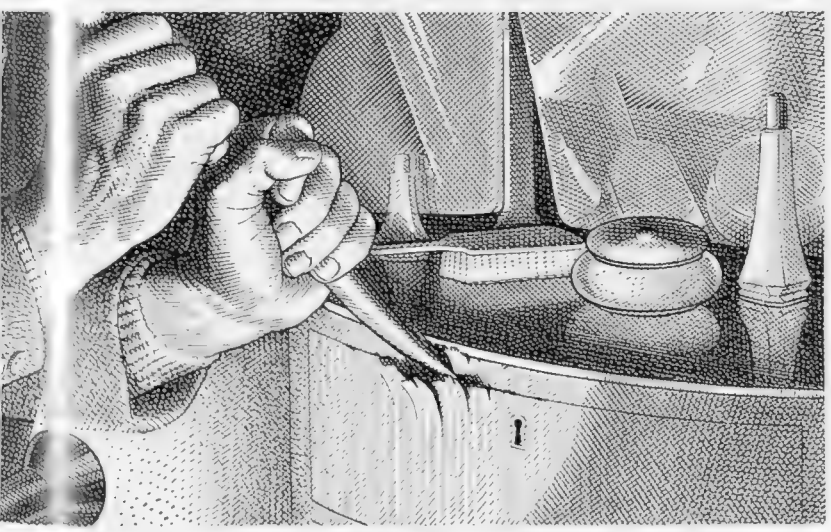

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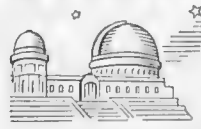

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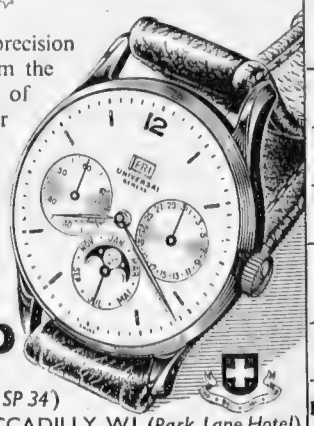

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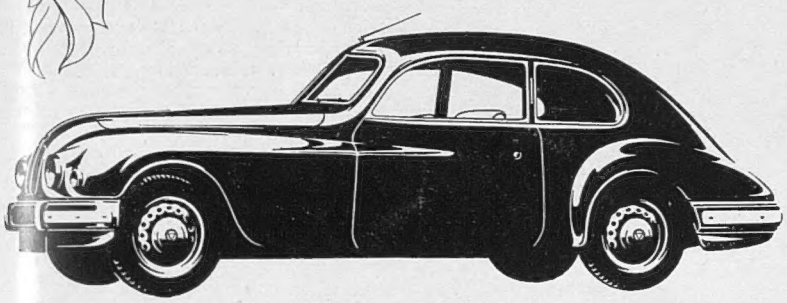

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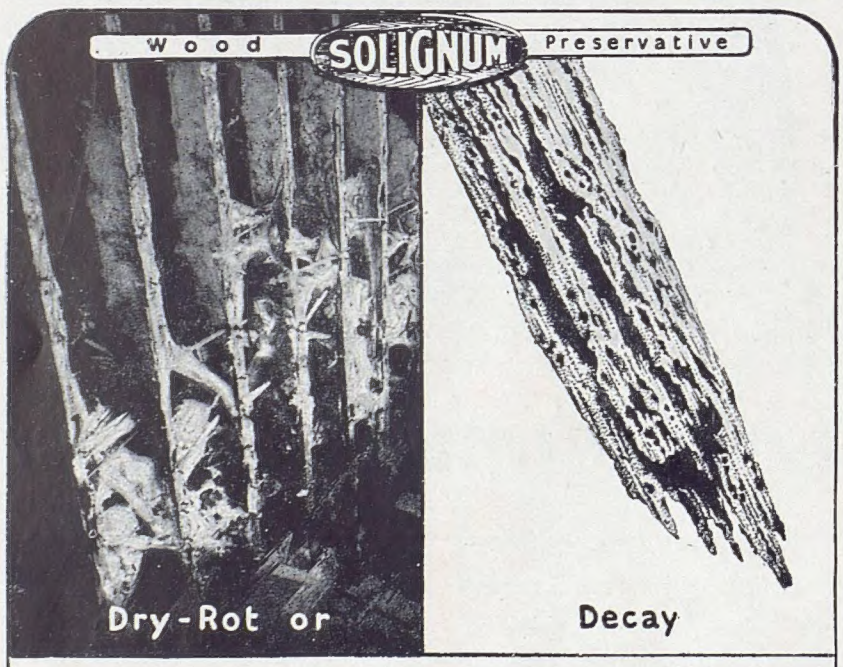

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

NATURE has a way of averaging things out, so after the phenomenal rainfall of the last few months, it will be reasonable to anticipate a fine Easter. But, beyond hopeful expectancy, we dare not venture, for it must be borne in mind that in 1951 this first public holiday of the year falls exceptionally early, and it would be a rash person who forsook winter clothes for spring finery.

However, early or late, Easter is a time of holiday migration. Some will make for the ozone-laden air of the sea, whilst others will enjoy the awakening of spring in the countryside.

Golfers, in particular, look forward to Easter, and with the weather in kindly mood, they can anticipate at least four full days of play. The choice of links, especially in Scotland, is legion, and I can visualise a big exodus to places such as Troon, North Berwick, Gullane and Southerness, on the Solway Firth. My hotel recommendations are: at Troon, the *Marine*, *Craiglea* and *Welbeck Hotels*; at North Berwick, the *Marine Hotel*; at Gullane, that Lutyens-designed house, *Greywalls*, and *Bisset's Hotel*; and at Southerness, that hotel which is a village—or vice-versa—the *Paul Jones*.

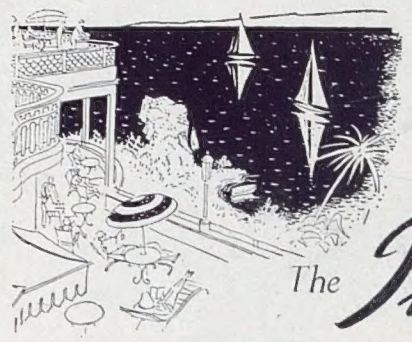
Golf courses are not scarce in England, however, and at random I would mention the following, within easy reach of the industrial north. In Lancashire, my choice for Easter would be: Lytham, the *Clifton Arms*, or St. Annes-on-Sea, where I recommend the *Majestic* or *St. Annes Hotels*, or again, Southport, the *Palace Hotel*, Birkdale.

There is also much to be said for a golfing holiday at Llandudno, where you could choose between the *St. George's Hotel*, in Llandudno itself, or the *Castle Hotel*, at Deganwy. In the West Riding of Yorkshire, Harrogate, with its wide choice of hotels, is a good holiday centre. (I get good reports of the Trust House there, the *Cairn Hydro*.) Some may like to combine sea and country air, in which case I recommend Scarborough and the *Grand Hotel*, the *Royal Hotel*, or, for an unlicensed hotel, the *Red Lea*. Within easy reach is that Mecca of golf courses—Ganton.

Here I must leave golf—ever an inexhaustible subject—and try to anticipate the needs of those for whom the essentials are a country house providing quietude, good food, warmth and willing service. Amongst others, I am confident that the following will not fail you: in Kent, *Collingwood House*, at Hawkhurst; in Sussex, the *Moor Hall Hotel*, at Ninfield; in Surrey, *Bramley Grange Hotel*, near Guildford, or the *Oatlands Park Hotel*, at Weybridge. Farther west, in Dorset, I can recommend *East Hill House*, at Charminster, just outside Dorchester; or in Devon, *Deer Park Hotel*, Honiton, *Woodford Bridge Hotel*, Milton Damerel, and the *Gipsy Hill Hotel*, Pinhoe, near Exeter, to name but a few. I am sure also that *Northfield Hotel*, at Minehead, and *Holbrook House Hotel*, Wincanton, both in Somerset, would satisfy all your needs.

There are many similar hotels to be found in various parts of the British Isles, so if you will name your particular "fancy," perhaps I, for my part, can recommend the suitable hotel for you.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.



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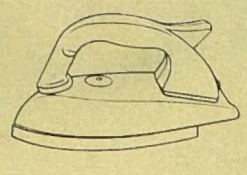

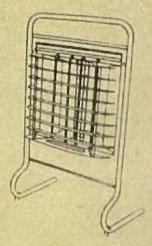

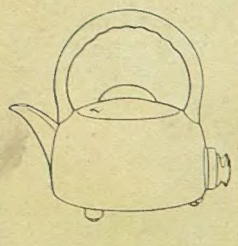

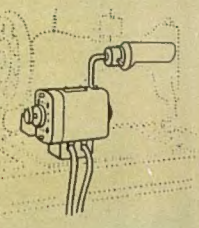

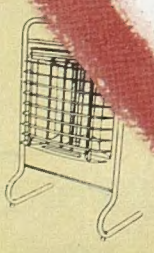

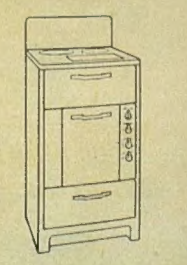

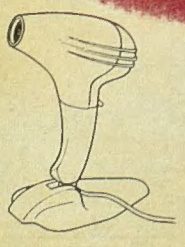

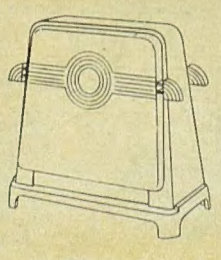

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